The Relief Society Magazine

9 NO. 2 FEBRUARY 1952

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Vol. 39 FEBRUARY No. 2

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Place of Relief Society in the Indian Program — Delbert Leon Stapley 76
Teach the Lamanites the Gospel of Jesus Christ — Spencer W. Kimball 83
Loving and Working With Our Lamanite Sisters — Myrle Fowler 84

FICTION

No Tears, Beloved — Second Prize Story — Blanche Kendall McKey 87
The House With the Blue Roof — Hannah Smith 96
"To Thine Own Self" — Kay Islaub 105
Uncertain Possession — Chapter 2 — Beatrice R. Parsons 111

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago — 100
Woman's Sphere — Ramona W. Cannon 101
Editorial: Not After the Manner of the World — Marianne C. Sharp 102
Congratulations to President Amy Brown Lyman — 103
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities — General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering 117
From Near and Far — 144

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

Good Afternoon, My Lady — Mirla Greenwood Thayne 94
I Made My Own Family Heirlooms — M. Garrett Enos 104
Her Hobby Brings Happiness — Martha J. Holm Makes Keepsakes — 115
Thoughts on Patience — Florence S. Glines 116
A Little World or a Big One — Caroline Eyring Miner 140

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology: Lehi, Man of Visions — Leland H. Monson 122
Visiting Teacher Messages: "He That Will Not Believe My Words" — Leone O. Jacobs 126
Work Meeting—Sewing: Linens and Household Articles — Jean Ridges Jennings 127
Literature: William Wordsworth (Concluded) — Briant S. Jacobs 128
Social Science: The American Revolution — Archibald F. Bennett 132
Music: Joy and Service Through Singing and Playing — Florence J. Madsen 136

POETRY

Afterglow — Illustrated Poem — Anna Prince Redd 73
Seed of Laman—Frontispiece — Alice Morrey Bailey 75
Vast Horizons Calling — Harriette Grace Eaton 110
Jonquil in February — Ouida Johns Pedersen 110
Lincoln — Mabel Law Atkinson 110
Sacrifice — Gertrude Kovan 115
Elms in Winter — Dorothy J. Roberts 116
Forgotten Ladder — Grace Barker Wilson 121
Storm-Bent Pine — Iris W. Schow 125
Advice to a Daughter — Christie Lund Coles 139
Ski Song — Lizabeth Wall 139
Household Hint — Lael W. Hill 140
Where Drift Logs Lie — Mary Gustafson 141
Promise and Fulfillment — Linnie F. Robinson 142
Night Encounter — Eva Willes Wangsgaard 143

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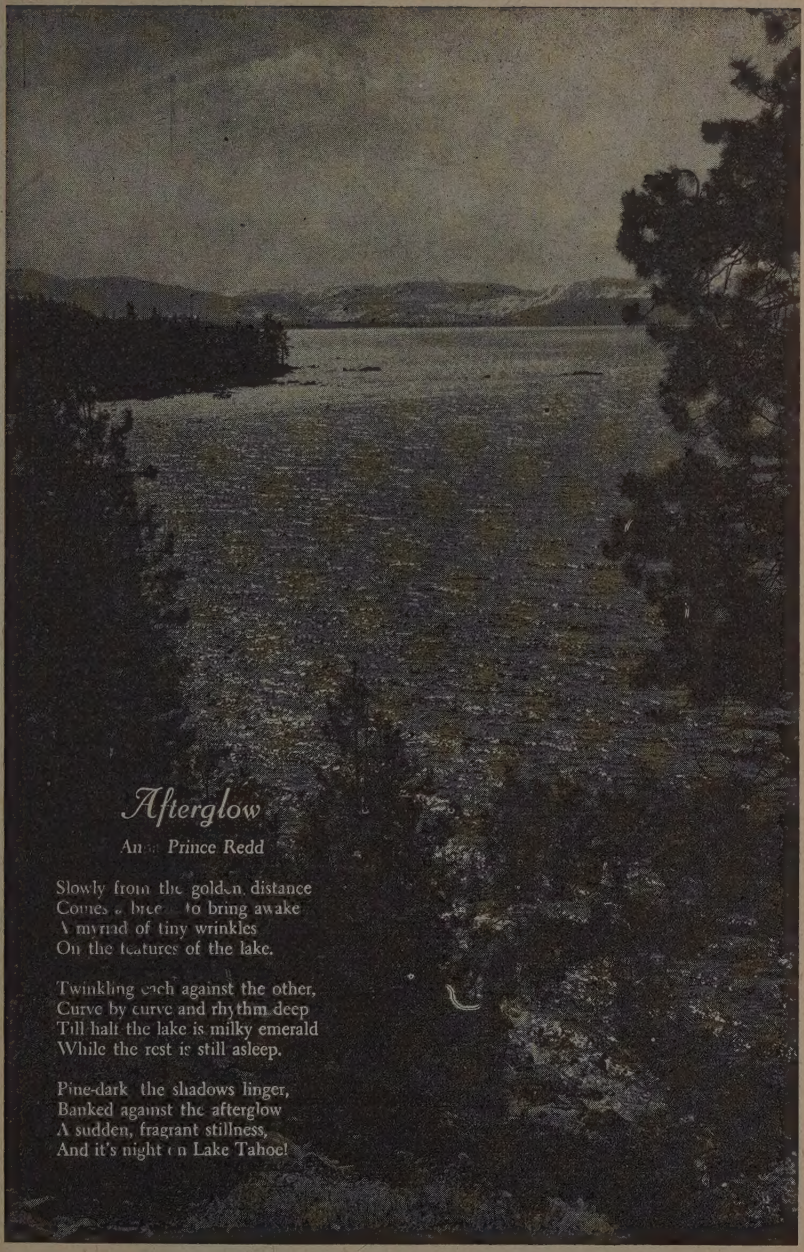

Afterglow

Anne Prince Redd

Slowly from the golden distance
Comes a breeze to bring awake
A myriad of tiny wrinkles
On the features of the lake.

Twinkling each against the other,
Curve by curve and rhythm deep
Till half the lake is milky emerald
While the rest is still asleep.

Pine-dark the shadows linger,
Banked against the afterglow
A sudden, fragrant stillness,
And it's night on Lake Tahoe!

Photograph by Josef Muench

Hal Rumel

TAOS INDIAN MOTHER AND CHILD

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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Seed of Laman

Alice Morrey Bailey

They were inheritors upon this land,
Spared by the love between them and their wives
Their purity, until the white man's hand
Reached out across the sea to crush their lives.
They welcomed the return of their fair God,
Nor knew this was the wedge that loosed a flood
Of death, disease, deceit, the slaver's rod
And pitiful retreat outlined in blood.

And we who know their lineage and their truths,
Their wrongs, their punishments when they have sinned,
The faith of Helaman's two thousand youths—
How shall we find the place where fear is thinned,
The salve that heals their wounds, the balm that soothes
When hatreds ravel out along the wind?

These are many nations, brought too low,
Of gardeners, thrust out on barren rocks,
Of hunters, shorn of prowess, prey, and bow,
And herders, robbed of grazing lands and flocks.
Too patient are the hands on empty looms,
Submissive fishermen deprived of streams,
Too placid in the land where hunger dooms,
And hopelessness replaces fire-bright dreams.

And we who have their records hold the key
Of their release; we have the joyful sound
Of truth to bring long-due redress in good,
The knowledge and the power to make them free,
And we who know the promises are bound
To open wide our hearts in brotherhood.

The Cover: Yuccas in the White Sands Near Alamogordo, New Mexico
Photograph by Josef Muench
Cover Design by Evan Jensen

The Place of Relief Society in the Indian Program

Elder Delbert Leon Stapley
Of the Council of the Twelve

[Address Delivered at the Indian Relations Department of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 3, 1951]

I AM very happy to be with you today to take part in this Relief Society conference and represent the Indian Relations committee on this program.

We have been most gratified with the excellent work of our Relief Societies among the Indian peoples. There is a real challenge to the Relief Society in this work; and it seems to me you are organized and have the type of program that these people greatly need.

Laying the foundation for what I want to say, I would like to quote from the Nephite record, one from the writings of Nephi, one from a statement of the Savior, and one from Mormon.

When Lehi spoke to his children and likened the house of Israel to an olive tree, he spoke of the natural branches being broken off and a time when the blessings of the covenant race would be restored through the Gentiles. The brethren of Nephi did not understand what their father meant, so they asked Nephi about it. Nephi said this to them:

> And now, the thing which our father meaneth concerning the grafting in of the natural branches through the fulness of the Gentiles, is, that in the latter days, when our seed shall have dwindled in unbelief, yea, for the space of many years, and many generations after the Messiah shall be manifested in body unto the children of men, then shall the fulness of the gospel of the Messiah come unto the Gentiles, and from the Gentiles unto the remnant of our seed.
>
> And at that day shall the remnant of our seed know that they are of the house of Israel, and that they are the covenant people of the Lord; and then shall they know and come to the knowledge of their forefathers, and also to the gospel of their Redeemer, which was ministered unto their fathers by him; wherefore, they shall come to the knowledge of their Redeemer and the very points of his doctrine, that they may know how to come unto him and be saved.
>
> And then at that day will they not rejoice and give praise unto their everlasting God, their rock and their salvation? (I Nephi 15:13-15).

When the Savior appeared to the Nephites he gave them a sign by which they should know and understand when his work and word would commence among them. Now there were three points to this sign: First, it had to do with the establishment of God's Church among the Gentiles in this land of freedom; second, the coming forth of The Book of Mormon, and the teaching of The Book of Mormon message to Lehi's descendants; and third, that Jerusalem was to be established again. And then said the Savior to the Nephites:

> And when these things come to pass that thy seed shall begin to know these

things—it shall be a sign unto them, that they may know that the work of the Father hath already commenced unto the fulfilling of the covenant which he hath made unto the people who are of the house of Israel (3 Nephi 21:7).

DURING the time of Mormon after the period of devotion and faithfulness on the part of the people when they lived as one and enjoyed in full measure the blessings of our Heavenly Father, they began to turn to evil ways and to forsake the Lord. Alma foresaw the destruction that would take place among the Nephites and commented upon their complete destruction. And also, looking into the latter days, he saw that the gospel and Church would be restored to the descendants of Lehi through the Gentiles. The Gentiles, the Lord said, should scatter the descendants of Lehi and they should be counted as naught among them.

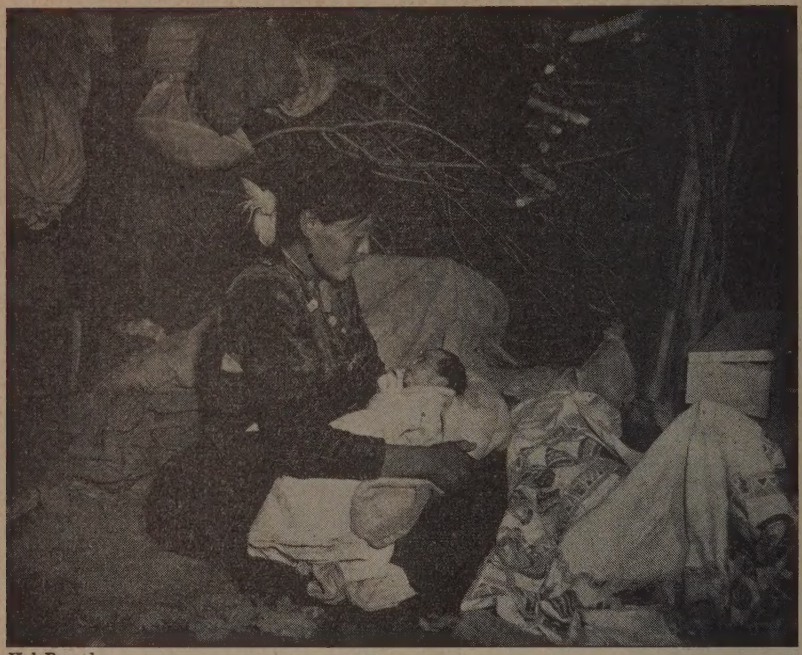
Mormon says:

> . . . This I speak unto their seed, and also to the Gentiles who have care for the house of Israel, that realize and know from whence their blessings come . . . . These things are written unto the remnant of the house of Jacob . . . to be hid up unto the Lord that they may come forth in his own due time. . . . They shall go unto the . . . Jews . . . that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God. . . . And also that the seed of this people may more fully believe his gospel, which shall go forth unto them from the Gentiles; for this people shall be scattered, and shall become a dark, and filthy, and a loathsome people, beyond the description of that which ever hath been amongst us, yea, even that which hath been among the Lamanites, and this because of their unbelief and idolatry. . . . They were once a delightsome people, and they had Christ for their shepherd; yea, they were led even by God the Father. But now, behold, they are led about by Satan. . . . And behold, the Lord hath reserved their blessings, which they might have received in the land, for the Gentiles who shall possess the land. But behold, it shall come to pass that they shall be driven and scattered by the Gentiles; and after they have been driven and scattered by the Gentiles, behold, then will the Lord remember the covenant which he made unto Abraham and unto all the house of Israel (Mormon 5:10 ff.).

We see from these three passages of Nephite scripture the time spoken of has come when the gospel message shall go to the descendants of Lehi and through the Gentiles their blessings will be restored. And again they shall come to the knowledge of their forefathers and a realization that they are of the house of Israel. They are one of the broken natural branches of the olive tree, that have been scattered, but in the latter days, through the Gentiles, this natural branch is to be grafted back, that they may realize the blessings of our Heavenly Father.

Now, the Latter-day Saints, through The Book of Mormon, understand and know the origin of this people. We also know they are of the chosen of the Lord and of the house of Israel. We know what the promises of God to them are, and that these promises will be restored to them in the latter days. And the fact that we realize these things, should make us feel the great responsibility that is ours in carrying the gospel message to them.

Brother John Taylor, during his administration as President of the Church, said: "The work of the



Hal Rumel

NAVAJO MOTHER AND INFANT, TWO DAYS OLD

Lord among the Lamanites must not be postponed if we desire to retain the approval of God." Thus far we have been content simply to baptize them and let them run wild again, but this must continue no longer. The same devoted effort, the same care and instruction, the same organization and Priesthood must be introduced and maintained among the house of Lehi as amongst those of Israel gathered from Gentile nations. As yet God has been doing all and we comparatively nothing. He has led many of them to us, and they have been baptized and now we must instruct them further and organize them, says Brother John Taylor "into churches with proper presidencies. Attach them to our stakes, organizations, etc. In one word, treat them exactly in these respects as we would do and treat our white brethren." Nothing could be more plain than that as to our responsibility to these people.

RECENTLY our late President George Albert Smith in reinaugurating this work among the Indian people said: "The day is here for the gospel to go to the Lamanites and we must never fail them again." And when President David O. McKay became President, he reiterated what President George Albert Smith had said, and also

added: "God will hold us accountable if we fail."

I am sure, brothers and sisters, that is our responsibility today. These people have been many years falling into their present condition, and while they have had some advantages from our Government program, it hasn't been in the full spirit of love and understanding that we who understand their origin and God's promises concerning them can give, and because that is true the responsibility is ours to take to them the love, understanding, and blessings of the gospel of Jesus Christ that they may turn to the Lord and thus realize the great blessings belonging to the house of Israel.

Now, I know it will take a lot of devotion on our part. I know many of us will have to do things perhaps we thought we would never be called upon to do; but those who have been engaged in working among these people have learned to love and appreciate them, and as they see their lack of opportunity, realize through the auxiliaries of the Church they can receive the opportunities that have been denied them for so many years. And we must, as a people, holding the truth and belonging to the true Church, do everything we can to take the gospel message to them and lift them up that they may enjoy the great blessings that God has promised them. It seems to me it requires a lot of love, a lot of patience, and a lot of perseverance; and we must be careful to keep the promises that we make, and show real and sustained interest as we work among them, and never fail them in anything that we start to do or that we promise to do.

One of the missionaries recounted this observation by one of our Lamanite brothers. He said, "Why have you Mormons been so long in coming to the Indian people? You have been here for many years, yet other churches have been working among us for a long time." Then others of the older group said, "The Mormons come and work among the Indians for a while and then leave. Other churches come and stay; they don't go away."

Well, this is a legitimate charge and indictment against us, my brothers and sisters, because that has been our history. We have started and stopped, but now this program must go on. The day is here. The prophet of the Lord has said, "The message of the restored gospel must go to the Indians; we will be held accountable if we fail to accept and fulfil this responsibility."

OUR program of necessity must be flexible. I don't think in all of our work and activity we have yet hit upon a program for the Relief Society, or any of the other auxiliary organizations, for that matter, that can be employed among all the tribes of these people. They are different. Some respond readily to the gospel message, with others it takes a little more time, and still others are more difficult. But it does seem to me if we would record and assemble all our experiences among these people, that a study of them might be made, there would evolve at least a foundation program that all stakes could use

in the Indian work. We are yet somewhat experimenting in what we are trying to do.

Now as to some of the things that the Relief Society can do. Our first responsibility, of course, would be to lift these people up from their forlorn condition, implant pride of race and lineage, and give them a feeling of belonging and acceptance as brothers and sisters in the gospel, that they can enjoy the great blessings present in the gospel of Jesus Christ. As I have seen the Relief Society organization function among the Indians, they are an effective proselyting organization, that can and does contribute much to their lives. The program of the Relief Society, it seems to me, can awaken an interest and a desire for better things on the part of the Indian people.

We must do basic things in working with them. Surely we need to talk to them about personal cleanliness, and good habits, also proper moral conditions, and behavior. We must teach them about the home, how it should be arranged and kept, and go right in and demonstrate these things to them. It is the opportunity that the Relief Society has. I know we must approach it with a lot of love and a lot of consideration. We don't want to embarrass them; we do want to be helpful. But we must be forthright as we go forward in this work, for so much depends upon our meeting every problem and being honest and sincere in the solution of them. I am sure if we approach these people with proper understanding and in the sincerity of our hearts, that they will respond and will support us in the work that we are trying to do among them.

Now, many of the fine things that the Relief Society can do have already been enumerated. This matter of care of the home that I have spoken to you about, the care and feeding of babies and children, the preparation of foods, the canning of foods, the making of soap, the making of quilts, sewing, and all these various things the Relief Society can introduce and help these people with in order that their standard of living can be lifted. We should call upon them to purchase the materials for processing or sewing, and then help them in making up the materials for use. If it is sewing, teach them to sew; or if it is fruits and vegetables, show them how they can be canned. Take them to the welfare canning centers where they can be taught and helped with these very important matters.

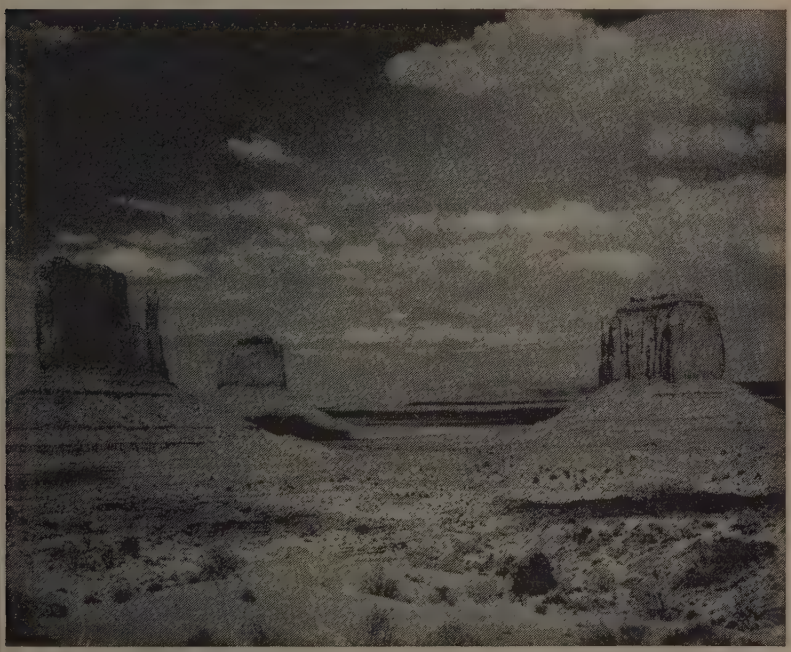
QUITE often among us come medical agencies of the Government or state who render a health service. Whenever these opportunities are present, the Relief Society should take advantage of them by inviting Indian brothers and sisters to these medical clinics to have examinations or other tests. Surely, it gives you an opportunity to teach them something about the cause of disease, its prevention and care, and many very important things to the Indians can grow out of such an experience.

It has been mentioned today about using the Indian women as officers of the Relief Society; to call upon them to sing solos or in groups, teach them to lead singing groups

and then recognize these choruses at conferences or other gatherings, because all these things are helpful and instill a desire in these good people for better things. It also breaks down barriers and gives them a feeling of being wanted in this great Church program of ours. During times of illness and death among these people, the Relief Society can render a very valuable service, and perhaps that service will lead to investigation of the Church; after all, that is the thing we are trying to do, and we should not overlook an opportunity through our service that would permit us to teach them the gospel of Jesus Christ.

One of our good Relief Society presidents said:

One of the most satisfying experiences to me has been the times when I have been called upon to take care of the funerals for our Indian people. We had attended a number of such gatherings taken care of by other churches and groups; and I have felt that it would be a wonderful opportunity for us if the time ever came that we could take care of a funeral and really show these good people how we felt it should be done. It was not too long before one of our elderly Relief Society members passed away. I called to see her while she was very ill, and she requested that the Relief Society take care of her funeral and her burial. She was not a member of the Church, but a most faithful member of our Relief Society. We made her burial



Wayne Davis

THE SOLITUDES OF MONUMENT VALLEY
IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY OF THE UTAH-ARIZONA BORDER

clothes, decorated the church where we meet on the reservation as beautiful and lovely as we would for any other member of our wards. The bishop co-operated with us, and a member of the presidency came out to give the sermon. The Indian Singing Mothers furnished the singing. Some of us who knew her well were asked to give short tributes to the life of this good sister. It was all so beautiful and sweet, with no shouting or beating of tom-toms, as there had been before on such occasions.

After the services the grown son of this good lady took both my hands and, with tears streaming down his cheeks, said, "Oh, Sister, how can I thank you enough for all the beautiful things you have done for my little mother? Everything was so wonderful and just as mother would have it done. She asked us to learn more about the Mormon faith, and now I want to do it. Thank you again and again for this service."

This one experience has opened the doors to the missionaries on the reservation and given the Relief Society increased membership and many opportunities we might never have in any other way. Since that time we have held a number of other funerals and had the opportunity to preach the gospel to more of the Lamanite people in this vicinity than in any other way, as everyone from far and near attends the funeral services of friends and relatives.

After a recent baby funeral one of our Indian women wanted me to go with her to the home of the grieving mother and tell her what we believe about babies and the hereafter, where they go, and if they are condemned because they are not baptized. Of course, I was most happy to go, and from that beginning we have made friends who will join the Church in due time, I am sure.

And then she adds this very significant thing: "It seems, Brother Stapley, that everything we try to do for our Lamanite program is blessed and guided by a power so great that we cannot help knowing that the Lord is helping our efforts in this work."

We do, brothers and sisters, have a real challenge in this great program of working among these good people. The Relief Society, working through the mothers, has an opportunity of not only helping them but, through the work they do, break down resistance and open the doors to our missionaries, that the gospel can be taught to them. I believe if the Relief Society will continue going about this work with prayerful and understanding hearts, the Lord will open the way and give you the vision of the great assignment of the Relief Society to these people. And the work, well, it will be one of the greatest works that the Relief Society could accomplish.

I know that we must use all the agencies at our command in our work among these people, but it does seem to me that the Relief Society stands in an enviable position to give the type of teaching and instruction these people require.

May the Lord help you to do this and to gain the joy and the happiness associated with it, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

* * * *

For he that diligently seeketh shall find; and the mysteries of God shall be unfolded unto them . . . as well in these times as in times of old, and as well in times of old as in times to come; wherefore, the course of the Lord is one eternal round (I Nephi 10:19).

Teach the Lamanites the Gospel of Jesus Christ

Elder Spencer W. Kimball
Of the Council of the Twelve

[From Remarks Made at the Indian Relations Department of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 3, 1951]

Sisters, all that has been said and done has been extremely important to this program. There was just one thought I wanted to leave in the conclusion of the meeting. The Lord gave to us in revelation:

> For behold, this is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man (The Pearl of Great Price, Moses 1:39).

Everything we do should be a means to that end. There may be many Indians and other minorities and majorities, also, who know much about literature, who know about social problems, who know how to make quilts, who are educated, highly trained and cultivated, but who will never see eternal life, who will never have immortality. Everything we do, every move we make, every word we say, every act, should be dedicated to that conclusion, if these Indians of whom we are speaking, and everyone else, for that matter, are to find their way to immortality and eternal life.

We must raise their standards, we must give them better living conditions, we must increase their opportunities, but *everything must be centered around that pivotal point: to teach them the gospel of Jesus Christ, and give them a testimony of its divinity, so that they will walk with us to the goals which the Lord has set for us.* I pray that will be our happy lot, and theirs, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

* * * *

. . . And I prayed unto him with many long strugglings for my brethren, the Lamanites . . . that if it should so be, that my people, the Nephites, should fall into transgression, and by any means be destroyed, and the Lamanites should not be destroyed, that the Lord God would preserve a record of my people, the Nephites . . . that it might be brought forth at some future day unto the Lamanites, that, perhaps, they might be brought unto salvation. . . . And I had faith, and I did cry unto God that he would preserve the records; and he covenanted with me that he would bring them forth unto the Lamanites in his own due time (Enos 1:11, 13, 16).

Loving and Working With Our Lamanite Sisters

Myrle Fowler, Sevier Stake

[Address Delivered at the Indian Relations Department of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 3, 1951]

MY dear brothers and sisters, my first thought on being asked to accept this assignment was "No! In my weakness, I cannot." Then, for a moment, the weight of the combined problems of my Lamanite friends seemed to be resting on my shoulders. I hope and pray the Lord will use me to awaken new hearts to the Lamanite work.

Our work among these sisters must be guided by our hearts rather than the reasoning power of our minds. This is a new field, yet we know the harvest is sure, for God has told us so through his prophets. Still, we, in our weakness, must pioneer the way. There are rocks to be removed that seem almost as boulders beyond our strength to remove, brush to be uprooted and burned, plowing and planting to be done with prayerful consideration. We have been trusted with the transplanting, weeding, pruning, and all things necessary to bring forth a glorious harvest.

How is it going to be done? I confess, I have no blueprint. I can only tell you a little of my experience.

The way was opened before me. I have worked, under the call of the Priesthood, with Piutes, Hopis, Utes, and Navajo people, and I am proud of my friends among them. I am among them so much that many have asked how much Lamanite blood I have. I am sorry to have to answer, "I have none," for I wish I were a legal heir to the blessings in store for this people. The Lord can take our weakness and turn it into strength. He can use the weakest of the weak to fulfill his promises to these people.

The Lord loves the Lamanite people and expects us to encourage them to greater confidence in themselves, to use their latent leadership abilities to raise themselves from the dust of despair, where we, through superior attitudes, have imprisoned them. I have been as guilty as any in the past, and I still must be constantly on guard that the reasoning power of my mind does not take over and lead me away from the whisperings of the Spirit to my heart.

We have to learn the hard way that these people cannot yet be expected to stay on the path we lead. We have to keep reaching out to them. We learn what forgiveness means in all its aspects. They may take one step forward and two steps back, for we are leading them in paths they have never known, and the enemy of righteousness never sleeps. He works twenty-four hours a day—every day of the year.

We cannot make many plans, for each day brings new problems

we could not have foreseen. A willing and a submissive spirit will enable the Lord to direct our activity.

Navajo leaders tell us:

We have been told our history would be returned to us by our people—white people. All white people are not our people, but the ones who are our people were our cousins a long time back. When our people come we will know it in our hearts, for they will laugh with us when we are happy and cry with us in our sorrow, not turn away from us because they are far ahead of us on the road, but will look back to us and take our hand and help us catch up. We are like a baby learning to walk. And you are running around and even dancing along the road. We took one step when our boys went into service and came back to tell us where we were—way behind. Then we got a chance to work among you. It was another step for some, but for others ten steps backwards, for they learned some pretty bad things. They got on wrong roads to travel, but we knew this would happen because they don't want to listen to the old ones anymore and want to just have good times. So we know the day must come quick for our people to get together, or our young people are lost. We pray for the white people to forget about money and things and accept us as brothers and sisters, then we can tell you some things we know, for we know more yet than you have in your books, but we need "Go ma lah's book," Mormon's book, to tell us some things we don't know.

Sisters, even though we do not speak the tongue of this people, that is no reason to pass them by. Our eyes can meet, our smiles of friendship can lift them up without words. And when we do find someone we can talk with, we must not ask them idle questions out of curiosity, they resent it.

IT is easy to love them when they live beautiful lives and do things that bring honor to our efforts. The true test comes when they go contrary to our teachings, for then they need our love in all its strength and the healing power of forgiveness. Let's not see their negative side. Look beneath the things we see and hear that are not good, and only let the good things we find enter our consciousness. The evil one is alert to destroy this work, and he will show us every way he can their faults and put obstacles in our paths. As one of our apostles has said, "Put the devil in a barrel and sit on the lid." We must not give in to an attitude of defeat.

Sisters, let us unite to plan, pray, and dare to dream, then work till our dream comes true.

Elder Kimball once said, "I wish my pen had the gift of tears and I would make the whole world weep for these people."

May I echo his cry and add, "Yes! Let us weep for these people, and let our tears melt the pride in our hearts that we may be moved to action."

We can help them most by using the healing power of charity and love. By occupying our minds with the problems of this people, we will ease the sting of personal disappointments.

I have slept on a sheepskin in Navajo hogans and eaten their food. The warm hospitality and peaceful spirit of their humble homes is beyond description. In these hogans I have been taught many sacred and beautiful truths. These people are not uneducated, as we imagine. Most of them cannot read and

write or speak English, but neither do we know the truths Mother Nature teaches their responsive hearts.

Let us teach them, but let us let them also teach us. Let us correct in our homes the "cowboys-and-Indians" version taught in pictures and stories. Let us ask the Lord to bless us that we may not be offended by the things we see, and to touch our hearts to help the Lamanite people overcome objectionable conditions. When their children come among us covered with impetigo sores and other skin eruptions, do we pass them as unclean, or do we offer them some penicillin ointment?

THEY need help with their sick. We can teach them proper care of their babies, proper nutrition. I cannot appeal to you too strongly. Help them with their babies. These little innocent darlings are choice spirits sent forth in this day not only to help their people, but to keep us in paths of duty. I wish you could see, as I have seen, the needless suffering among them. They are keeping God's commandment to multiply, but too many of their little ones return to the heavenly home soon after having breathed the breath of life. Why, sisters?

WHY?

I saw his fight for life and heard his dying cry.
My heart in sorrow rife asks a simple question, "Why?"
Why hadn't we told this Mother, e'er her dear little son grew ill,
That we were her sister or brother? Is her suffering by God's will?

Why didn't she know of wonder drugs, of the help we'd gladly give?
Did she know the day she gave him birth of the chance he had to live?
She knew for her bread she would have to work in the fields by the side of her mate,
For that is the lot of an Indian, by some cruel and unkind fate.

Did her heart rejoice, or was she sad on the day birth pangs were still?
As she looked in the eyes of her little lad, did she know about germs that kill?
I'm sure in her heart she breathed a prayer, as her dear little son lay dead,
That we would awaken to heed the call along paths where Jesus led.

—Myrle Fowler

We must consider what the Indians have to work with and teach them only basic and simple health rules. I wish we could all visit them in their homes, then we would know how much our help is needed.

These people have been taught through the experience of the past to be cautious and suspicious of white people, so it is a slow process. We must not promise anything we do not mean to do. They are gifted to discern, even without words, if we are their friends. They only respond heart to heart, so we must keep our negative thoughts out of the mirror of our expression, or they will read them and turn from us.

Sisters, they need our love, the

(Continued on page 143)

Second Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

No Tears, Beloved

Blanche Kendall McKey

JEANETTE certainly was not the "Little Jean" her name implied. She was tall, spare, and straight-lined. There was no sag to her broad shoulders, and her hands, big-jointed and gray-veined, spoke more of strength than of toil. Even now, folded passively across her wide black belt, they suggested vigor. Her mother and her grandmother both had withstood the hardships of Utah pioneering.

For her years Jeanette was still a handsome woman, with large regular features and full dark eyes. She was standing over one of the twin beds in her hotel room, looking down at a sleeping child, recently turned four. His profile was delicate, his cheeks pink, his small nose dotted with freckles. Sunk deep in sleep, his knees tucked almost up to his chest, his slim fingers curled, he looked very small and inadequate as a human personality. She felt her eyelids sting and her throat swell. No tears, she thought, but how fast the month had fled since the arrival of Clinton's letter. They were at the fork in the road, she and little Hal!

Clinton couldn't help being proud of his son, she thought. She had done a good job and knew that her son-in-law would recognize it. That was really all that mattered.

BLANCHE KENDALL McKEY

Only it did seem strange to think of Clinton on a second honeymoon.

She crossed to her small traveling bag and took out a picture of her daughter in a tiny velvet case that Ginnie had sent her on the first honeymoon. To California that time in an old Ford, Clinton still in uniform, and both of them laughing like two kids. That's what they had been, just kids! Ginnie hadn't been much more than a kid two years later, when she died. No girl had ever wanted to live more than Ginnie had. And everything

had been over so terribly soon, before Jeanette could even reach Salt Lake. But the baby had lived. Pain stabbed at the back of her eyes, her chest too full for breathing. She folded the little case and tucked it back into the pocket of her bag. No tears, beloved!

A glance in the mirror showed her that Clinton would see how she had aged. That didn't matter, either—perhaps he had changed too. She had not known Clinton very well, a city boy whom Ginnie had met at the university. What did matter was Hal. She hadn't promised to give him up; she had written that she hoped she could. She wasn't going to hand Ginnie's baby over to anybody. This new girl had better be someone special! Ginnie seemed to be right there with her in the unfamiliar hotel room. A wave of weakness swept her, but she stiffened. No tears!

Jeanette sat down on the side of Hal's bed and pushed his blond hair back from his forehead.

"Wake up, Hally. Wake up, dear. It's morning."

The boy's eyes popped open. "Where's Rags?"

"You know where Rags is. Down home on the farm with Jake and the other fellows. We're in Salt Lake City, you know. This is our vacation. Come, hurry."

She bustled into the bathroom and turned the faucets. "We're going to have breakfast in a restaurant. Think of it! And then we're going to ride up and see the place where you were born."

"Has Daddy come?"

"Not yet. Not for a long time."

She straightened from bending over the tub and called through the door, "Hurry, honey. Hop in—the water's seasoned."

It was rather a gay adventure, all things considered, a few tender hours to remember when the momentous day was gone. The last time she would have him all to herself! They wandered through Temple Square, admiring the pansies and petunias, and looked for goldfish in the tiny "Seagull" pond. They peered into the great Tabernacle, with its long rows of shining benches; and wondered how tall the Angel Moroni really was, way up there in the blue.

HAL was all questions: What's this? What's that? What's these? Truly a boy of promise, with such direct eyes and stout little legs! Everyone they met seemed to notice him.

They rode on a bus to the eastern foothills and gazed on the wide sweeping valley with its masses of trees, its spires and domes. Far to the west the mountains were a purple shadow, but the near hummocks rolled above them, patched with green, and behind these towered the rounded summit.

"The people who settled Utah learned to love the mountains," she said; and after a moment of retrospection she added, "The mountains made them strong."

He wrestled with the idea for a second, his keen eyes questioning, and then gave up the riddle. "I'm hungry, Grandma," he said.

They walked toward town under wide-spreading trees, the air spicy from the petunia beds that lined most of the lawns and sweet with

the fragrance of roses. It wasn't long before they discovered a small drugstore with an enticing lunch counter where the boy ate hungrily, nor noticed his grandmother's lack of appetite, and smiled at her happily over their ice-cream soda glasses.

"Come, Hally," she said when his straw began to make little squeaking sounds, "come, we're going to see the hospital where you were born."

"Do we go on a bus?"

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, boy!"

The ride was exciting and satisfying, although the Main Street crowds and the business of transferring to another bus were a little confusing to both of them. But they reached the large building and stood gazing up at the many windows.

"Can we go inside?" he asked.

She answered with genuine shrinking. "Oh, no. That's out of the question—we don't know anyone."

"What's in there?"

"Lots of rooms, honey, with beds and sick people. And busy nurses. And doctors."

She didn't know herself how completely her entire being went back to that night when he had been born. For a time her veiled eyes saw nothing real. Hal ran up and down the walks and around to the side, examining everything, and came back to pull her dress.

"What does that sign say, Grandma?"

She answered absently, "No trespassing."

He pulled at her again. "What does that mean?"

Her mind had come back to him now. "It means that we mustn't go on the grass. We mustn't step there. That piece of ground doesn't belong to us. Come along, now, we must get back to the hotel. We have to tidy up. Daddy will be coming soon."

"Can we see his train?"

"No. He told us to wait at the hotel."

AS they climbed the little hill to the bus line, she turned to look again at the hospital and her mind went back once more to that night four years ago when Clinton had met her in the hall and told her she was a few moments too late.

Now as she walked she held Hal's hand automatically and sat down on a bench near the bus stop scarcely knowing that she moved. The boy scrambled up beside her. After a time she realized that he was pulling at her dress again, and she looked down to see his upturned face warm with childish sympathy.

"Grandma, are you sorry that I was born?"

Oh, my darling, she thought, as she crushed him to her. Tears stabbed at her eyes and then receded as on the air she saw, or thought she saw, her daughter's face, eager for life and grateful for love. His question balanced in her mind for a second; then she dropped her head on his flaxen hair. I mustn't trespass, she thought, I mustn't trespass. It was the only answer she could find. She straightened, looking at him, and saw that her eyes were holding his own intent gaze.

"Don't you ever forget that your

Grandma loves you. Loves you more than she loves any other person in the whole world. And always will love you. And remember, too, that you were born in Utah."

"Was Daddy born in Utah?"

"Yes, in Salt Lake City. But his people left Utah."

"Was my new Ma born in Utah?"

She rose, holding his hand very tight. "I don't know," she replied, so short and to the point that his questions ended. The bus rolled down the hill and stopped; and before long they were back in the hotel room, washing up for Daddy and the new "Ma."

Jeanette rose when she heard Clinton's tap on the door.

"Come in," she called, tautly.

The door swung open and they stood on the threshold, Clinton and his bride. For a breath or two, no one moved. Jeanette and Clinton stared at each other. She put her hand up to her heavy coil of gray hair as she read his eyes. Well, she had guessed right—Clinton had changed also. The heartbroken, rebellious youth, who had dashed away to join the reserves or the occupation forces somewhere in Europe, was gone.

"Come in, folks," said Jeanette, trying to be casual.

THEY stepped into the room. Clinton was in civilian clothes —she remembered that his letter had said he was going to work for the Government in Washington. With the girl on his arm, he came forward, not diffidently, but with perceptible restraint.

"This is Lisbeth," he said simply, as though in the presence of Ginnie's mother he didn't wish to exhibit too much pride. Jeanette took in the girl's personality at a glance—the trim tailored figure, neat shoes, clear skin, and friendly eyes that smiled in unison with her lips.

Jeanette extended her hand and Lisbeth took it warmly. "It's so nice to meet you, Mother," she said.

Mother, thought Jeanette. Clinton had never called her "Mother." There had always been a certain stiffness between them, from their first meeting, when Jeanette had told him Ginnie was too young for marriage. That seemed such a long time ago!

"And here's the son," cried Clinton, his pride bursting through repression. "What a fine, big son!" (Hally is really small for four-turned, thought Jeanette.) Clinton swung the child high into his arms. "Lisbeth, may I present Harold Clinton McBride?"

"Oh, the darling," she murmured under her breath. She stretched up her hands to touch his shoulders. "You precious darling," she said in a low voice.

Suddenly Jeanette felt limp, even shaky. She sat down on a chair across the room and watched.

Clinton took from his pocket a box containing a tiny train that ran by itself when he wound it. "Toot! Toot!" he exclaimed as it sped over the painted margin around the rug.

"Toot!" echoed Hal, scrambling after it. They were all three on the floor, laughing, Lisbeth as excited as the boys. Evidently the fun made Hal think of another playfellow, for he looked appealingly at his father and asked, "Daddy, can't

we take Rags to Washington?"

Clinton's laugh died. He shot an inquiring look at Jeanette. "Is Rags still alive?"

"Oh, yes, and well."

He rose from the floor, sat down and took Hal on his knee.

"You and Lisbeth and I are going to live in a big building, with many apartments—like hundreds of little homes, you know."

"As big as a hospital, Daddy?"

"Much taller, son. But there are so many people that there isn't so very much room, after all—so they won't let anybody have a dog."

Impressed, Hal was sadly silent. Lisbeth crossed to kneel at the arm of Clinton's chair.

"Do you like kitties?" she asked, engagingly.

"Yes."

"So do I. And I think we could have a little cat. Some of the children have them. You know there's a small park where we're going to live, with teeters and swings and sandboxes just for the children who live there. You could take the kitty down with you when you go to play, but you would have to see that nobody hurt it."

"I would," he said stoutly.

CLINTON sprang up, his eyes on his wrist watch. "Our plane leaves in less than two hours. Let's all go out and get some supper."

But they never had that meal together, for Hal crossed to Lisbeth, who had dropped into a rocker by the window and was tidying her hair and "powdering up."

"Do you know where you were born?" he asked earnestly.

"Yes," she answered, surprised into laying her small mirror on her knee.

"People ought to know where they were born," he confided intimately. "I was born in Utah."

Jeanette's hand went to her throat. Would Lisbeth see the import in his lifted gaze? The momentous significance?

"You weren't born in Utah," he pronounced, solemnly.

"But I go to a Utah Sunday School," she countered, seriously. She bent forward and scooped him into her lap. He was too tired after the long, exciting day to resist, and his head fitted into her shoulder. She began to rock and in a moment to sing in a low voice, as though they two were alone.

Come, come, ye saints, no toil nor labor fear,
But with joy wend your way;
Tho hard to you this journey may appear,
Grace shall be as your day.
'Tis better far for us to strive
Our useless cares from us to drive;
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell—
All is well! All is well!

His eyelids began to flicker and she hummed the melody softly, her gaze on the far hills. His body relaxed, his gleaming head slumped heavily. Lisbeth rose with him, smiling triumphantly at Clinton, who came forward to kiss her, but straightened as her eyes turned to Jeanette.

"Would you like to tuck him in, Mother?" she asked gently.

If ever there was a time for tears, Jeanette thought, it is now! She swallowed hard and paused before she said steadily, "You can do it very well yourself, my dear."

Lisbeth laid Hal down and said wryly, "I'm tired, too. Wish I could nap for half a minute."

Clinton grinned boyishly. "Go ahead. I'll wake you in plenty of time."

LISBETH lay down carefully beside Hal, smoothing her skirt to avoid wrinkles, and soon her young body went limp too.

"She wanted to see America," explained Clinton, mildly apologetic. "In fact, she wanted to see the whole world. But after three weeks of travel, I think all she wants is a four-room apartment." Then he added, thoughtfully, "They will be great pals."

Jeanette kept her gaze on the sleeping boy, but she felt Clinton's eyes studying her profile. "It seems cruel to take him away from you—Mother," he said hesitantly. "Would you like to keep him for another year?"

Her heart leapt and her arms yearned. It seemed a long time before she could trust her voice. "No, thank you, Clinton. An old farm, an old dog, and an old woman! There's no future to such a foundation. The sooner the break, the better for him."

He coughed before he spoke again, and his voice came huskily. "I wanted him all the time I was in Europe. I think I wanted him as much because of Ginnie as for himself."

There was no answer to such an intimate disclosure, although she wanted to let him know how deeply she understood. Her throat throbbed, but she could find nothing to say that didn't seem in her mind flat, trite, and unnecessary.

It was at the airport that Jeanette had her greatest trial. The man in uniform had called, "All aboard," and Clinton had begun to pull Hal toward the gate.

But the boy clung to Jeanette's knees and looked up at her, ready to cry. "Let Grandma come too, Daddy," he pleaded.

Clinton swung him up in his arms.

"Listen, Hally," said Jeanette, her eyes almost level with his, "I have to stay to take care of Rags. Rags doesn't know anything but the farm. Your grandpa brought him home, a little puppy, more than ten years ago. All he's ever known for real friends is grandpa and you and me. Grandpa's gone and you're going on a lovely trip with Daddy. I have to stay and take care of poor Rags."

"Besides," cut in Lisbeth, "I have in my suitcase little bears and deer and a painted clown. Everywhere we went we picked up toys. And when we reach the apartment, we'll unpack, and you may have them for your very own."

"And don't forget the kitty," reminded Clinton. He pulled a face and whined, "Meow! Meow!"

Hal laughed, and they hurried through the gate, across the field, and up the runway. At the entrance they turned—young and strong and glowing.

"Goodbye," called Jeanette, although she knew they couldn't hear above the roar of the motors, the bustle of people, the goodbye calls. Her handkerchief fluttered in the breeze and Hally's little arm shot out to wave reply. He called something, smiling, and tried

to look back at her as the stewardess urged them inside. The plane circled the field, once, twice, then took to the air and flew out of sight. There hadn't been a tear!

When Jeanette opened the door of her hotel room she closed it behind her and, leaning against it, stood looking at the different objects—the twin beds, with a dent in one of the pillows where the brown and yellow heads had lain. The two chairs where she and Clinton had sat looked stiffly uninviting. Under the rocker by the window lay Lisbeth's tiny mirror, evidently dropped from her lap when she rose with Hal. Jeanette picked it up and tucked it thoughtfully into her handbag. Then, removing her hat, she sank heavily into a chair.

It was strange, she thought, how some of the saddest things in life were things you wouldn't change if you could. Like so many different kinds of partings and death for the very old. But not young death. That was a different thing.

She saw Hally's little face when he had asked if she wished he hadn't been born. Well, she had given him up with a smile. But she was all alone now, with train time two hours away, so she could cry. A good, old-fashioned woman's cry—that would wash out some of the hurt. But she found that the tears didn't come. There was a small ocean of them, she knew, at the bottom of her heart, but they were down very deep.

Her throat ached painfully, but she merely sat picturing her waiting home, the wide porch where both Ginnie and her baby had played, the sandbox that Jake and another "hand" had built for Hally, the gay little pail, lying on its side deserted. And down the wooden walk old Rags would come to meet her. Rags would miss his playmate—that thought brought an extra pang. But her burning eyes remained as dry as crumpled leaves in autumn. She just couldn't reach the tears—they were down too far!

Blanche Kendall Thomas McKey is a daughter of pioneer merchant R. K.Thomas and Carrie Stockdale Thomas, who was a member of the Relief Society general board. She is a sister of Rose Thomas Graham and High Commissioner Elbert D. Thomas.

As a young girl, "Blanche Kendall" met with success on the professional stage, appearing several times in New York City. She married William Richard McKey, who was starring as "Eben Holden," and who became a member of the New York branch of the Latter-day Saint Church. Mr. McKey died when their children, Eily (Mrs. George Pierson) and Richard (of Washington, D. C.) were very young.

As a teacher of speech and English (at Weber College, Ricks College, Ogden High School) Blanche produced many plays and pageants. She is the author of "The Triumph of Tomorrow," "The Redemption of Johnnie Average," "Lamps of Glory," and other plays. Her poems have appeared in local and national publications.

Mrs. McKey is a charter member of the Salt Lake City branch of the National League of American Pen women, and last year was chairman of drama in the District of Columbia branch. She has won many prizes in Utah and Washington and has received five national awards.

Good Afternoon, My Lady

Mirla Greenwood Thayne

ARE you nearing the afternoon of your life? If so, look to the sun. It is shining high. Your morning of menial tasks and perplexities may be over. If you are fortunate enough to be a mother, the morning of your life has offered much joy, but only limited time that you could call your own. Afternoon will bring to you long coveted leisure hours.

What will you do with these hours? Will you grasp each moment and impregnate it with the rich fertile material that constitutes the prolific life, or will you find yourself lapsing into a middle age neurosis, a sterility of mind as well as of body? Afternoon is a time for joy, for recreation and self-cultivation. Plan it and use it as such.

Close the door gently upon the past. However, keep the key, for there will be times when you will want to go back and hold a reunion with your pleasant memories; memories of other springs, of young love and the prattle of little children.

Lock securely and permanently away all of your heartaches, failures, and disappointments, for, if you have lived wisely, you have already profited by them, and have no further need of them.

"The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as queens," or much, much happier.

There is music—so much of it, all kinds of it; so, with more time at your disposal, listen to good music with understanding and appreciation. As you listen, seek to understand the fountain from which it flows. Next time you listen to Handel's greatest inspiration, *The Messiah*, be aware of the fact that he wrote the entire work in three weeks, with such a flood of inspiration that it seemed "the gates of heaven were opened" to him. Brahm's *German Requiem* was the result of the composer's deep sorrow over the death of his mother.

Did you ever feel an urge to paint a picture? If so, do not allow yourself to pass the afternoon of your life without the enriching experience of handling a palette and a brush. You may never paint a picture that you would be proud to display on your wall, but you won't know until you have tried. The chief delight of trying to paint is what is does to your powers of observation. When you study the landscape through the eyes of an artist, you will be astonished to see many things that you have never noticed before. So many changing colors as the days and seasons roll by. Such variation of sky and clouds. A tree ceases to be just a tree and becomes an object of intricate imagery, bearing lacy filigree in summer's fulfillment.

If you have no disposition to paint on canvas, why not work with the great Master Painter and create a living picture in your own back yard? If you have never felt the

cool, prolific earth ooze through your fingers while you plant seedlings in the spring, you have missed a satisfying experience. If you have never watched the azalea and magnolia yield in their glory, you have missed a closeness to the infinite.

I have a friend who built her greenhouse with her own feminine hands. Her garden from early springtime until winter's blanketing is a place of beauty. She transplants flowers from the mountainside and glenns, and her garden is a "memory grove" of friends who have given her cuttings of their own plantings. This friend of mine is a friend of many, because of her gifts of flowers. From her own back yard she creates many living pictures. She has unique and original ways of arranging her flowers, and in her little community, every wedding, each anniversary and bereavement, is sure to be remembered by Mary. Many a shut-in has known the fragrance of springtime, the rose scent of midsummer, and the glory of autumn because Mary remembered.

AT the age of forty-five, Cynthia discovered that she had a way with words. Her past experiences, intermingled with a rare understanding of people and things, prepared her loom for the weaving of word pictures, and she has found joy in creative writing.

It is amazing what pleasures one can gain during a few minutes each day in the public library. Its doors stand open and offer a daily feast of any preferred variety of food for the mind and spirit at no cost whatsoever. For anyone who hungers for adventure, travel, or science, the library has much to offer. Choose your subject, then lose yourself in the magic of the written word.

The opportunity to serve increases as the afternoon lengthens. With more time on your hands, you can pave your way with action instead of good intentions. Now there is more time to visit the sick, more time to write those friendly letters, added hours to devote to service for others. Give freely of yourself, for the Master has said ". . . whosoever will be great among you . . . shall be servant of all."

Undoubtedly there will be some shadows as the afternoon extends, for it takes the shadows as a compliment to the light to make an imposing picture. Did you not learn as you lived on through the morning, that, by contrast, the shadows made the light much brighter, and the most opaque darkness was illuminated by the sunshine of serenity? If you have lived well your faith in the Lord has increased with the years. And that faith is your anchor.

Never allow yourself to think of the years of the afternoon of your life as *declining* years. To decline is to decay, to fail, to draw to a close. She who accepts all the years as a time for mental and spiritual growth will never know decline. Live while you live, and make every moment of your afternoon count for good. Then, as the shadows lengthen into twilight, you will know the "peace that passeth understanding," the peace that comes only to those who have lived abundantly and well.

The House With the Blue Roof

Hannah Smith

MARIAN tried to keep her voice down so that Bill's mother, resting on the cot in the dining room, couldn't hear her. But, in spite of herself, her tone climbed, shrill and trembling on the edge of tears. Bill, as infuriatingly calm as always, leaned against the sink, his brown eyes sympathetic, but shaking his head already because he knew, of course, what it was she was going to say.

"Look!" Marian said in a taut, querulous half-whisper, "just look at this room! There's nowhere to put another thing! And the rest of the house is even worse. Oh, Bill, with just a little more space I could stand it, but . . . ."

She broke off, her hands flung out in a hopeless, all-inclusive gesture.

Bill's eyes obediently took in the room. "Yes, honey, I know," he said patiently. His gaze traveled from the five chairs crammed around the tiny kitchen table, to the basket of laundry on the baby's high chair, the ironing board tucked awkwardly between icebox and sink, at the carton of canned goods and the basket of toys under the stove. "I know we're crowded."

"*Crowded?*" The word came out harder, more belligerent than she intended, but his calmness was as maddening sometimes as their situation. "You ought to be here all day. At least you get out of this—this sardine can."

"I know, honey." He said it just as he had so many other times since Julie was born and since Mother Atchley came to live with them. "But we just haven't the money to move. Or build on, either. You know how things are at the garage, just getting started. We'll just have to wait."

Marian's head was pounding. The accumulated irritations of the morning suddenly boiled up in a vortex inside her. "Wait," she said. "Wait. Well, I'm tired of waiting. I'm going to do something. I don't care if we starve, I'm going to get us a little more space. Maybe Nettie Willson can help me!"

She flashed by him, snatched an old jacket from the hook by the back door, and ran down the back steps. Bill called something after her, but she didn't stop to listen. Let him stay there in that little house for a while, she thought bitterly; I don't even care if he is late getting back to the garage from lunch. I've just got to find us a bigger house.

Her hurrying feet beat a sharp accompaniment to the frantic turmoil of her thoughts. Nettie Willson's real estate office was just three blocks over; maybe Nettie could help them. Bill's trouble was that he accepted everything, took it for granted that he was the only one in his family who could take care of his mother. Accepted the hard end of everything at the garage where he was in partnership with George Hanning. She used to think she was pretty calm, too, back in the days when they were first married, when they first moved into their little house.

TEARS stung behind her eyelids as she remembered suddenly those days. The house had looked so attractive then. No play pen crowding the center of the living room. No improvised bed for Mother Atchley in the dining room. Not that she really minded her mother-in-law's presence, really. Even though she was too frail and ill to be left alone, she was really surprisingly easy to get along with, Marian told herself, with reluctant honesty; Bill had got his disposition from his mother, she thought, with a small, wry grin. It would be nice having her with them, if she only had a room to herself—a room where she could put all the yellowed family pictures that now crowded the buffet. . . a place for her clothes that now shared the hall closet with the baby's stroller, the winter coats, the umbrellas.

Marian's fists were knots of tension in her jacket pockets. She realized with a start that she was already in front of Nettie's office; that she had been walking faster and faster, keeping pace with the mounting fury and frustration inside her.

She put her hand on the doorknob of the little office, seeing Nettie's gray head bent over her desk. But just as she started to enter her attention was caught by a large sign pasted on the plate-glass window beside her, lettered in Nettie's rather staggering scrawl:

NEED MORE SPACE?

Three Bedrooms and Den. Bath and a Half. Large Yard. Trees. Flowers. Reasonable

MARIAN stood staring up at the sign. That's not a house; that's heaven, she thought. A bedroom for Bill and me. A room for the children. A room for Mother Atchley. And a den . . . a place for the sewing machine, the play pen, the account books from the garage . . . .

All at once her hand tightened on the doorknob. *We're going to live there*, she told herself grimly. *Somehow. Reasonable*, the sign said. They had an equity in their own house. Something could be worked out. It had to be. Nettie knew them; she'd help them fix it some way . . . .

"What a black scowl! You almost scared me!"

Marian laughed, startled, when the little plump woman behind the flat-topped desk in front of her spoke. She'd been so engrossed with her determination she had even forgotten to say "Hello."

"Sorry," she said. "I was thinking about that ad out there."

Nettie pushed a chair toward Marian with the tip of her stout black Oxford and stuck her yellow pencil into her gray hair, from which two other pencils already protruded. "Oh, *that*," she said. "Nice place. Over on Underhill Road. Quite a few people been looking at that. . . . How are the children?"

"Fine," Marian said absently. She hitched her chair closer to the desk and put her arm on its surface; she bent toward Nettie eagerly. "Nettie," she said, "could we buy it? We've got to. Could you work us out a deal some way? We've got about three thousand equity in our place, and . . . ."

Nettie's eyes, behind their gold-rimmed glasses, looked unhappy, as she slowly shook her

head. "Oh, honey," she said, "I'm awfully sorry, but that's . . . well, it's way beyond you kids yet. They want nineteen thousand for that house. You'd have to have at least eight thousand down payment. And the monthly payments . . . ."

Marian's cheeks flamed. "I don't care," she said recklessly. "Maybe Bill could borrow on the garage. Maybe . . . ."

"Wait a minute," Nettie said. "Wait a minute, dear." She put her plump hand on Marian's wrist. "My, you're going like a race horse. Settle back. I'll bet you've done a washing and cleaned your house and bathed the baby already this morning."

"And baked a pie," Marian added bitterly. "I don't mind the work, Nettie, but I'm not going on one day longer, not one day, in that little crackerbox. I just can't stand it. . . ."

To her intense mortification, a tear splashed wetly on the back of Nettie's hand. She jerked backwards and turned her face away. "I'm sorry," she said in a muffled voice. "I guess I am in a state, but . . . ."

"Listen, child," Nettie said, "You've got an awfully good, hard-working husband. He and George are going to make that garage pay. I've been watching them, and their business is getting better all the time. I know he had to buy all that expensive equipment—that new grease rack and the tow truck. He's bound to have a couple or three more years hard sledding. You put a big house on his back right now and he's apt not to make it."

Marian said nothing, but her thoughts were a bitter answer. Sometimes I almost wish he were working for somebody else. He'd make better money now. Now's when we need the money. Not five years, ten years, from now . . . .

Almost as if she had heard her, Nettie went on. "Nobody sympathizes with you more than I do. Maybe you don't know it, but when my children were little I went through the same thing."

Marian raised her wet eyes to Nettie's face in surprise. "Didn't know I had any children, I'll bet!" Nettie's laugh was, suddenly, a little forlorn. "I guess I don't talk about them much because . . . ." She stopped just for an instant, then went on in a quick, bright voice, "Because they're both gone now. They died not many years after, after Ned did."

"Oh, I'm so . . . ."

NETTIE went on, as if she didn't want to say another word on that subject; her voice seemed a little high and hurried. "I think back to then and remember just how I felt before I found the house with the blue roof. And that's the one I want to tell you about."

All at once Marian's drooping shoulders straightened. She looked at Nettie with brightening hope. "Here? In Kirkville?"

Nettie nodded. "Now, wait—wait," she said, her tone cautioning. "Perhaps you won't like what . . . ."

"I'd like anything, anything!" Marian said eagerly. "Tell me about it!"

Nettie's eyes were absent with memory. "I found the house one

morning after I burned my arm on the wall heater. I was trying to dry diapers in the living room and the rack broke, and when I tried to prop it up, I burned my arm, from elbow to wrist. I did just what you did. . . . I grabbed a coat and ran. Only, instead of coming here, I went up the path behind the park, over toward the foothills. Know where that is?"

Marian was only half listening. She nodded eagerly, waiting for the older woman to finish the preliminaries, to tell her about the house . . . the house with the blue roof, that might be . . . could be hers.

"I went up that path and there was a little clearing up there on top of the hill. I could see the roof of my house down below; it was easy to pick out because it had a big tin patch on it. Ned was never any good at fixing anything up, much. . . ."

Marian tried to swallow her impatience. "Could you see the other house from there, the one with the blue . . .?"

"Wait," Nettie said, almost sternly. "And listen. I'm coming to it. No, I couldn't see anything but that patch. And feel the burn on my arm. I was mad and tired and discouraged. I stood up there and I said, right out loud, 'I have to have a bigger house!' Bossy, just like that. It wasn't a prayer; it was an order. But, do you know . . .?"

She glanced down at the blotter on her desk, and Marian saw that her face held a look of wonder as she remembered. "Do you know, God gave me a big house, that morning. A house with a blue roof."

"Oh, now, look here . . . ." Marian stirred a little uncomfortably in her chair. "I don't think I . . . ."

NETTIE raised her eyes to Marian's and there was something compelling in her glance. "I want you to listen to me, Marian. It's more important than anything that happened to me in my life. God spoke to me that morning. He showed me that, right then, I was standing in a great house with a roof of blue sky above it. I could step out into it any time I wanted and see that his house was as big as the universe and as quiet and serene as I dreamed of being. But I'd brought my flurry and confusion and irritations along with me; they weren't part of my house down below there—they were part of me. I knew I had to be serene myself, that no house was going to . . . ."

"Oh, stop!" Marian was standing up, looking down at Nettie, her eyes hard with disappointment. "Do you mean you've been sitting here preaching at me? Making me think all along you were going to tell me about a place I could move to, a place we can afford—now? There really isn't a house at all! None! Oh, how could you?"

She gave Nettie one flaming, resentful glance and flung herself out of the office. Automatically her feet took her toward home, but at the corner she stopped. I just can't go back, she thought. I won't.

"Marian! Hey, Marian!" It was a familiar voice, and a cross one. Marian turned, startled. Halfway up the side street, under the swing-

(Continued on page 141)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, February 1, and February 15, 1892

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

LETTER OF GREETING: It will be fifty years on Thursday, March 17, 1892, since Joseph Smith the Prophet organized the Relief Society in Nauvoo, Illinois, by Divine inspiration. Sister Emma Smith was elected President, and Sister Elizabeth Ann Whitney and Sister Sarah M. Cleveland, Counselors, Sister Eliza R. Snow was appointed Secretary. . . .

This momentous event for woman causes us to view with wonder the past, with gratitude the present and with faith the future. . . . Thousands have been comforted, encouraged, fed with the bread of life and ministered unto by the sisters of Relief Society . . . that has taught its members to search out not only the needy and distressed bodily, but the sorrowing, the erring, the doubting, and the tempted ones who need the uplifting hand of kindness and of tender solicitude. . . . These are some of the simple first lessons to be learned by the sisters who have united themselves together to go on to perfection.—Editorial

If we could push aside the gates of life,
And stand within and all God's working see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.
And if through patient toil we reach the land
Where tired feet with sandals loosed may rest,
Where we shall truly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best."
—Selected

INTERESTING VISIT IN MILLARD STAKE: On October the 29th, Scipio received a very pleasant surprise, Apostle F. D. and Sister Jane S. Richards arriving on that evening on a visit to our settlements, and putting up at the residence of their niece, Sister Emily L. Thompson. In the evening we called upon them and invited Sister Richards to visit all the branches of the Relief Society in this stake but telling her that there was a considerable distance between some of the settlements, but if it was not asking too much of her, we would be very pleased to have her accompany us on a visit to them all. Sister Richards very willingly accepted our invitation and Brother Richards kindly going with us. . . .—Elizabeth F. Yates, Pres. of Relief Society, Millard Stake

REST A LITTLE: Good mother, maker of numerous pies, mender of numerous hose, overseer of a great province—a household, rest a little . . . . While mending have your chair in the coziest corner where good light will come in and let the sun strike upon you if possible, so that you may get the strengthening, health-giving influence of it. . . Let your eyes wander out through the window glass as far as possible, and rest your eyes by looking at something interesting out of doors. Don't rule all the time. Drop the reins of household government for a little while, unbend yourself and sit down on the rug and play with the children, and as it were become again a child. . . .—*Living Issues*

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

YOUNG women, as well as young men, are being urged to enroll in engineering courses in the United States. There is a shortage of personnel in this profession, especially of research workers.

IN Kansas towns last July, accidents, shock, and disease followed in the wake of the terrible floods. Kansas nurses—industrial, private-duty, public-school, Tuberculosis Association, and physicians' office nurses—volunteered many thousands of hours of work in alleviating the conditions.

SPEAKING of nurses, in the Salt Lake Area Vocational School, four grandmothers are enthusiastically studying to become licensed practical nurses. They are Allie Dunn, fifty-one; Eva B. Nolasco, fifty-one; Lillian Fife, fifty-three; and Evelyn V. Hurd, sixty. They are all making excellent records.

SINCE 1939, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace E. Johnson of Memphis, Tennessee, have built thousands of low-rent housing units in Memphis, and other towns in Tennessee, in Arkansas, and Mississippi. Mrs. Johnson is secretary of forty-nine corporations, including a sawmill, hardware store, rental agencies, a plumbing company, and all branches of their housing enterprises.

TWO contributors to *The Relief Society Magazine* are again winners in the *Deseret News* Prize Christmas Story and Poem contests. Margery S. Stewart is author of the story, "The Travelers," and Caroline Eyring Miner composed the poem, "No Room." Both are offerings of genuine literary and spiritual worth.

THE Young Presidents, a national organization, includes presidents of large business enterprises only, who attain their positions before reaching the age of thirty-nine. The first woman has recently qualified for membership. She is Elsie Frankfurt, head of Page Boy Maternity Company (clothing manufacturers) of Dallas, Texas.

IN the last elections in Heidelberg, Germany, five women won places on the city council.

THE new editor of the national *Journal of Home Economics* is Mrs. Mary Hawkins, a linguist, writer, and trained home economist. During and after World War II she lived with her correspondent husband in seven countries, part of that time working in Switzerland for the American Office of War Information. After the war she worked for the rehabilitation of German youth.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 39 FEBRUARY 1952 NO. 2

Not After the Manner of the World

PERHAPS never in the history of the world has there been a greater need for members of the Lord's Church to heed his words, "For I give not unto you that ye shall live after the manner of the world" (D. & C. 96:13). Sin and corruption rage in the hearts of men, and if Latter-day Saints are to keep themselves unspotted from the world and live not after the manner of the world, there is a need of constant vigilance and righteousness.

To live by every word that proceedeth forth from the mouth of God is a requisite. Before the Church had been organized six months, the Lord declared:

> Not at any time have I given unto you a law which was temporal; neither any man, nor the children of men; neither Adam, your father, whom I created. Behold, I gave unto him that he should be an agent unto himself; and I gave unto him commandment, but no temporal commandment gave I unto him for my commandments are spiritual (D. & C. 29:34-35).

If one is not to live after the manner of the world, one needs to study the words of the Lord and to have a knowledge of his commandments and walk by their light. The first great commandment to love the Lord with all one's heart, soul, and mind, leads a Latter-day Saint to have a deep knowledge and an abiding awareness of the love of the Father for his children, the greatest love in the world, which led him to give his beloved Son to atone for the sins of man.

This understanding of the Father's love invites his children to approach him in prayer at all times in a spirit of thankfulness and a spirit of petition. A Latter-day Saint family living not in the manner of the world unitedly kneels in prayer daily. As individuals, they seek to know the Lord's will and to obtain the strength to live in accordance with it. In the home, in the busy mart, on the battlefield, at one's work, in a hospital, in the midst of a crowd or in solitude, a Latter-day Saint knows the Father can hear the cry for help, or the outpouring of gratitude of the heart. A saint lives by the promise of the Savior, "Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you" (Matt. 7:7). The heavens are open to the seeker, revelations of the will of God have not ceased as the manner of the world would have it. The widow may trust in the Lord and the fatherless find a father in him.

To forsake the ways of the world requires a daily discipline of the flesh, a subduing of carnal desires, a reaching up to the things of the spirit. The observance of the principles of fasting, of the Word of Wisdom, of the law of tithing, are among the commandments which help one to overcome worldly desires and habits of living.

Not to live after the manner of the world requires obedience to the second great commandment which is like unto the first—to love one's neighbor as oneself, to learn to love one's enemies, and to do good to them that despitefully use one. Such conduct sets an individual apart from the world today, in which hate and greed actuate the conduct of nations themselves. The Latter-day Saint, the thirteenth article of faith promises, is honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and does good to all men; and if there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, he seeks after those things. A friendly interest, solicitude and helpfulness to one's neighbor extended in an understanding manner, mark the true Latter-day Saint.

Not living after the manner of the world requires walking in the narrow way which leads to the strait gate. There are no short cuts nor is there an easy means of access to the kingdom of God. Life's journey must be taken step by step with always a new obstacle to overcome when one obstacle is left behind. At every stage of the journey there are enticing avenues leading off to the ways of the world. Some broad paths may appear very desirable and, if the spirit is lost, deceive some into thinking they parallel closely the narrow way, but if such paths are persistently followed, too late they are found to diverge widely and to lead one downward to misery and destruction.

Never can one be at ease in Zion. Pride in one's own righteousness is the pride of the Pharisee. What the Lord requires is a broken heart and a contrite spirit. The hope of curing the evils of the world lies in individual repentance and humility. Before it be too late may all Latter-day Saints and good men everywhere, living in the manner of the world, forsake that manner of living and walk in the narrow path to eternal life.

—M. C. S.

Congratulations to President Amy Brown Lyman

On Her Birthday—February 7th

AGAIN in this month of February, Relief Society women throughout the stakes and wards and the missions of the Church remember the birthday of former President Amy Brown Lyman, and we extend to her our love and our congratulations. Sister Lyman has served Relief Society devotedly for many years. Her work of leadership among the sisters as a member of the general board began in 1909. In January 1940, Sister Lyman was chosen by President Heber J. Grant to be the general president of Relief Society. Her service in this office extended through the critical time of the second World War, until April 1945, and her courage and strength of leadership comforted the sisters and inspired them to give their utmost devotion to Relief Society, and to the gospel. It is with gratitude in our hearts that the members of Relief Society extend to Sister Lyman our heartfelt wishes for her health and happiness.

I Made My Own Family Heirlooms

M. Garrett Enos

I had many ancestors, but I have never inherited any of those beautiful china plates various friends so proudly display on their walls, on their tier tables, or in cabinets.

I made visits to antique shops in an effort to acquire plates, but each time price quotations sent me dashing for home, clutching my purse.

Milk glass held a special appeal for me, and one day I purchased at a department store three modern milk glass plates for one dollar each. When I reached home I searched through the photograph album until I located profile pictures of my husband, our son, and myself. I cut out the head of each one, duplicated them on heavy black construction paper, and mounted one of the resulting silhouettes in the center of each plate. I hung them in a series on the living room wall.

I received so many compliments I began working on the idea in various ways. I tried photo silhouettes in oils for a friend. Since I have no talent for sketching, I asked her to have some close-up profile shots made at a develop-on the-spot photographic shop for twenty-five cents each. The pictures turned out fine for obtaining a true silhouette model for transfer to the plate. A local hobby shop kiln dried the plate, after painting, for twenty cents.

Next, I tried silhouette scenes in oil. The choice is almost unlimited, although I found still life and hunting scenes especially good.

Son Jon, age nine, wanted some plates for his room, so I tried my

hand at juvenile designs. I bought the largest plain plates I could find at the five and ten and borrowed my designs from his color books. Porky Pig, Bambi, and Bugs Bunny, each came to life in the center of a plate. I found these more attractive done in natural color than in silhouettes.

My present experiment with plates is the use of copper foil combined with paint. I trace a sailboat on copper, work out the details, and mount the boat on a plate with heavy glue. The water and sea gulls are worked out with paint.

So, in spite of my ancestors, I now own some future heirloom pieces and have found a pleasant and profitable hobby besides.

Engaged girls are happy recipients of the silhouette scenes on milk glass, and these plates are welcome gifts on almost any occasion. The juvenile plates for nursery decorations can be passed on down from mother to daughter along with the baby spoon.

"To Thine Own Self"

Kay Islaub

SANDRA tugged at the lock of the old trunk, but it held fast. In a way she was glad. It was too soon to look at mother's things. Better to wait till sometime when she could think of Mom without a heavy something in her throat, an actual hurt somewhere inside of her. She dropped down beside the trunk and let her head fall against the heavy, old-fashioned lid.

"Oh, Mom, I need you now!" How blessed it would be to talk to Mom again. Tell her what happened last night after the graduation dance. Tell her about Brick. "I tried to do what you'd have wanted me to . . . it hasn't worked out, Mom."

Sandra closed her eyes against the tears and tried to feel the warmth and comfort of her Mother. Of all the things she remembered about Mom it was easiest to remember her laugh. Sort of a low chuckle, but mostly it was her eyes. They were blue, and when she laughed they shone and twinkled with amusement. It was contagious. You couldn't look at Mom's eyes and not laugh with her. She would have loved the school play. Sandra let her mind drift back.

The school play had been the beginning. How else could she have ever known Brick Howard? Oh, she had known who he was all right . . . as who didn't? President of the student body, most spectacular player on the football squad, chairman of the student planning board. He was everywhere, in everything, and whenever you caught a glimpse of his red head there was a group of boys and girls, drawn to him because he was special. Special in a way hard to define . . . but special.

To Sandra he had been only a remote figure to admire and speculate about. She did not have dates with boys, and her only knowledge of them had been through games played in her neighborhood on warm summer evenings—run-sheep-run, follow-the-arrow. Or racing across Miller's pond on ice skates with a lot of boys and girls. Life had always been full and busy. There were Mutual and Sunday School and Seminary, with all their attendant activities, swimming lessons, piano lessons, books to read, so many things to do. Nearly always in a group of boys and girls.

It had begun to matter when she was a sophomore, and only then because so many of her girl friends started dating. All her sophomore year she felt vaguely disturbed about it. Till now boys had been someone to play games with, compete with, talk with. Suddenly, they became strange creatures who were too shy even to talk to her, or else they parried words with an expertness that left her feeling stupid. There was a whole new vocabulary of words they used, and she became haunted with the awful fear that she might be what they called a "houseplant"—a girl who never dated.

In her junior year it was a nagging

worry that forced her into unaccustomed shyness, and at the beginning of her senior year it suddenly loomed as her number one problem. It became hard to even talk to Mom about it. Could it be her looks? No, she knew she was not a raving beauty, but she kept her blond hair shining clean and everyone said her eyes were like Mom's. What was wrong with her? Why did she blush and stammer when a boy so much as spoke to her and then, when she was alone, think of all the clever things she could have said? By this time all her friends were dating. *What was wrong with her?*

MOM was the real reason she tried out for the school play. At the beginning of her senior year Mom had asked, "Sandra, do you know when they are going to have the school play this year?"

"I think it's the last of April, Mom, why?"

"Why don't you try out for it?"

She had moaned, "Oh, I couldn't. I'd be scared to death."

"Now, why should you be frightened? I think you have a lot of talent. From the time you were a baby you loved to play act. You used to put on all kinds of little neighborhood plays." Mom chuckled at the memory. "School plays can be lots of fun, Sandra."

"I'd love to be in one, too, but I guess I could never get up the courage to try out."

"You can do anything you make up your mind to do, Sandra."

That was the end of that particular conversation, but all through the fall Mom kept at her about it, and, finally, at midterm she signed up for drama class. It had been, surprisingly enough, the best of all her classes.

It was after Christmas that the doctor put Mom to bed. After school Sandra would sit on the edge of her bed and tell her all about the day's activities at school. There was no thought then that Mom would never get out of bed. The doctor said, "When she is a little stronger."

Mom would talk about the school play and urge Sandra to try out. "I know you can do it, Sandy. I had so much fun in plays when I went to school, and they can't have changed so much. It gives you a chance to meet nice boys and really get to know them while you are working on the play. I met your father when we were in a play together."

"Oh, Mom, I want to but . . . ."

Then Mom had surprised her by saying, with an intensity unusual for her, "Sandra, promise me that you will try out for the school play. You may not win a part, but promise me that you will do your best!"

By then Mom was so weak and sick that Sandra would have promised her anything. "I promise, Mom, and you can come to the play and see me in all my glory." She struck a silly pose. "Linda Darnell, that's me!"

Mom laughed at that, and Sandra prayed silently, "Please, dear God, she must get well. Surely she'll be stronger soon."

She was never any stronger, but drifted from them on a wave of pain that finally came at full tide

and proved to be too much for her frail body.

Everyone had been kind, and there were still relatives and neighbors who worried about the two of them. They dropped in from time to time and offered advice and samples of their cooking. Dad hardly seemed to be aware of her and became so quiet that she often felt she was all alone in the house. He came home from his day's work and ate whatever she had fixed, and then just sat in his big chair with an open book on his lap and stared into space.

SANDRA kept her promise about the school play, and it took all her courage to do it. The part of Pat was the lead, and it was really a comedy part, needing a light touch and a good sense of humor. Pat was forever getting herself into trouble, and then, with charm and guileless simplicity, struggling to get out, and only managing finally to implicate herself in such a hilarious situation that even the cast at rehearsal would howl with laughter.

Yes, it had taken courage, and she could still remember the day she saw her name opposite the name Pat under the list of tryout winners. She had felt frozen to the spot while friends surged around and congratulated her. Her heart and mind kept saying, "I did it, Mom. I did what you told me to. I did my best, and it was somehow good enough."

Getting the part of Pat was only half of it. Brick Howard had the male lead, and Sandra was immediately the envy of half the girls in school. In the beginning she was terrified of even being on the stage with him, but no one could be frightened of Brick for long. He was friendly and good-natured, and it was not hard to see what made him special. It wasn't just that everyone liked him, it was really more that he liked everyone. Sandra made up her mind not to chase him, as every other girl in the cast was doing.

The miracle did not happen all at once. There was a while when he hardly seemed to see her unless they were on the stage together. Then slowly and surely she knew that he was aware of her. He always came and sat by her between scenes, and then he started walking her home from rehearsal. Quite suddenly then she was Brick's girl, and she was being dated.

The play was a tremendous success, and playing Pat did something for Sandra. Actually she was not unlike Pat, and when she lost some of her shyness, her charm and sense of humor had a chance to show. Now she was aware of eyes following her through the hallways. Eyes of boys and girls, eyes of envy and admiration. She was no longer a "houseplant"—she was a "match."

Brick and the play had done a lot for her, but the best thing they had done was to help her through the awful grief she felt at her mother's going. Dad was no help at all, being too immersed in his own grief. The night of the play, just before she was to make her entrance, there had been an awful moment when she felt she could not go on. It had seemed too bit-

ter a thing that Mom would not be there to see her in her hour of triumph. Then she remembered something Mom said in the hours before she died, when she could see that Sandra's grief was almost too much for her to bear. "Don't cry, baby, I'll never be far from you." Mom had been with her the night of the play.

Mom had been with her last night, too. Last night! Graduation dance, and it should have been the biggest night of all, but it had not turned out that way.

THE trouble really began at the graduation exercises in the afternoon. She sat on the stand watching her classmates going down center front for their diplomas. The principal, dressed in unfamiliar black, handed the scroll to each student in turn, and if there were any honors to be accorded, he mentioned them. Then would follow the applause of family and friends. Sandra knew there would be some special honors when they called her name. The school play, honor student, assistant editor of the school paper. But who would clap? Dad would not be there. When Sandra tried to tell him about graduation he did not seem to understand and asked her vaguely if she needed extra money. Aunt Myrtle, mother's sister, called to say she would be there for sure. Then she fell and sprained her ankle. So there was no one.

No one to care if Sandra Andrews won any honors. No one to clap and smile with pride at her. Well, someone clapped. Someone else's mother and father. When it was over it didn't seem so bad, except for a little bitter feeling somewhere in her heart.

The night ahead was the big thing. Didn't she have a date with Brick, made way ahead so he was sure she would be his partner? Didn't she have a simply out-of-this-world white tulle formal?

The dance was all she had ever dreamed a dance should be, enough boys cutting in on her to make it interesting, and enough dances with Brick to make her sure he would rather dance with her than anyone. All perfect until it was time to go home, and then Hebe Hurley invited them all to come to his house and dance in the recreation room in the basement. They usually went to Judy's for something to eat, but Sandra would a thousand times rather dance.

SHE felt a little uneasy when she discovered Hebe's parents weren't home, but someone had the record machine going, and they began to dance. It was fun at first, then she noticed several of the boys slipping into the furnace room, and then some of the girls. There was a lot of uneasy giggling. Sandra had heard stories about the drinking that went on in some groups, and she wondered if the crowd she had tried so hard to enter was that kind.

While she stood irresolute, suddenly it was as though the whole scene shifted, and she was looking it it through Mom's eyes. Something her mother said to her on her sixteenth birthday came back to her. "You have to care about yourself, Sandra. I don't mean in a

selfish way. I mean you have to have pride in yourself and what you know to be right. This says it better than I can."

And then Mom had given her the little card, a framed quotation from Shakespeare that still hung in her room:

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Quickly Sandra turned to Brick. "I guess I may as well tell you now, Brick. I don't drink, and I think I'd better go home now."

"Jeepers, this is graduation night, and it's early." Then, when she didn't look at him or say anything, "Well, okay, if you want to go, I'll get Jane and Bob."

Brick started to look for the couple that had come in Brick's father's car with them. Sandra watched him leave the room, wondering if he was angry and hoping that she had been both kind and firm.

Soon Brick was back. He spoke indifferently, as if he didn't care whether or not she stayed. "Jane and Bob don't want to leave yet, so maybe I can take you home alone."

"See you later, Brick," a girl called as they went out the door.

* * * *

SITTING beside the old trunk, all the misery and despair of the night before welled up inside Sandra. She fought it down and began to work on the lock again. Better get it open. It was full of mother's things, and somewhere in there was her birth certificate. They had called from the church and wanted it to complete some records. Sandra struggled with the rusty lock, and finally found an old nail and pried it open.

Everything was neat inside, just as her mother had left it. Her eyes filled with tears as the memory of her mother became poignantly real. She began going through the papers methodically. There was a picture of her father. It was held securely to a slim black book by a pink ribbon. Sandra took the ribbon off to see the picture better. It was Dad all right. His face was unfamiliar, with the immature roundness of youth, but the heavy eyebrows and lopsided grin were Dad's. She opened the slim book and began to read. Why it was some sort of diary in Mom's handwriting. The date was almost twenty years ago. She read:

Jiggs asked me for another date! Oh joy! Oh bliss!

She turned the pages slowly, and there was mention of school and Church parties, a tooth pulled, some new shoes, and always Jiggs. Then:

Jiggs wants me to sluff school Friday and go to South Fork on a picnic. The boys are going to get some beer from Foggins. The whole gang is going I guess. What to do?

And the next date:

I have to make up my mind about that picnic tomorrow. I want to go and I don't want to go. I know I shouldn't sluff school and drink beer, but everyone else is going to. Jiggs will probably go without me if I back out.

The next date read:

Guess the gang had a swell time. I know most of them went because of the

(*Continued on page 138*)

Ernest Briscoe

MOUNTAIN VISTA, MONTANA

Vast Horizons Calling

Harriette Grace Eaton

Our fathers earned the guerdon they desired:
To hand their sons untrammeled liberty.
Shall we, complacent, let it slip away,
Forget the satisfaction work can be?
Stretch out our hands for help, in indolence,
When vast horizons call to victory,
Leave fetters of frustration to our sons,
Or bid them strive to win their destiny?

Jonquil in February

Ouida Johns Pedersen

He seems impertinent and gay,
Confronting the stone slab of day,
And lifts his head of petaled gold
In bright protest against the cold.
Jauntily, he bows and nods
In a wind of overwhelming odds.

Lincoln

Mabel Law Atkinson

Immortal Commoner! Alone he stood,
Fighting for oneness to outlast the stars.
What does he think of our sick brotherhood,
Shackled by heavy chains and prison bars
Of apathy and indolence and greed?
I wonder, does his tender, great heart bleed?

Uncertain Possession

Beatrice R. Parsons

Chapter 2

Synopsis: Lorna Ashton, an orphan living with a cousin, marries Dr. Matthew Wire, who has completed his internship at General Hospital. Soon thereafter Matthew is called back to his hometown, Westfield, Nevada, by the illness of his uncle, a doctor, which makes it necessary for young Matt to take over the practice temporarily. Lorna fears that there will be no place for her in Westfield, and that Matthew's friends and relatives will mean so much to him that he will no longer be wholly hers.

THE next few days were a blurred confusion to Lorna, filled with the excitement of getting to know Uncle John and Nurse Hallie, and with meeting Matt's friends. Sometimes Lorna's mind whirled with everything that was happening. She smiled until her smile seemed pasted on her face. Not that she wasn't trying to understand and like Matt's friends. Only that she was still frightened, a stranger in Westfield.

She liked Uncle John. He had greeted her with a gentle kiss, standing bent and worn with the aid of his cane. His welcome had warmed where Nurse Hallie's crisp greeting had chilled her. As Matt had predicted, she was fearful of Nurse Hallie's starched uniform, and capable actions. But there was honest affection in the elderly woman's eyes when she smiled at Matt's teasing. Lorna knew they were very fond of each other and of Uncle John. This fondness was a part of Matt's past, and so shut Lorna out. But she knew he was overjoyed to show her his home.

He apologized a little when he showed her the house. "It's not new-fashioned. But it's strong, durable. Why, some of the first stones my great-grandfather dug from his land go to make up the walls."

The walls were thick and cool. The deep-silled windows gathered the last rays of the setting sun, making the room seem flooded with pink light. A strange thought crept into her mind. The sun which had shone against Matt's great-grandmother's cotton sunbonnet still shone against Matt's dark cap of hair. He stood there and the long fingers of dying sunlight caressed his head in a sort of benediction. Outside the windows the leaves of the cottonwood stirred in a sudden breeze. She wondered if those trees had been planted by Matt's great-grandfather. It struck her, forcefully, that Matt and his great-grandfather looked much alike, comparing the faded painting on the wall with Matt's clean-cut profile.

Lorna moved restlessly and thought, his roots are as stubborn as the roots of the yucca out there in the desert. She knew she had never had any roots at all. But she wanted no roots here in this desert. It frightened her so that she moved restlessly.

"Surely," she said, looking around with a distasteful glance, "someone will take the house off your hands."

Matt was shocked by her voice. He turned quickly from the window

and his features were blotted out in the shadows. His voice sounded queerly hollow when he spoke.

"Uncle John will . . . buy . . . it, Lorna," then after a long pause, "if we decide to take that office at Doctors' Center."

HE was very quiet as he led her toward the building which housed the offices. She was surprised to find anything so up-to-date and modern in Westfield. There were great, gleaming machines, enameled tables, a porcelain sink, examination tables—everything of the very latest design. The waiting room shut out the sun with neat, white Venetian blinds. It was furnished with easy chairs and plastic upholstered divans. It opened into two offices. Uncle John's name was lettered on one. The other was Matt's. Lorna read it proudly.

DR. MATTHEW WIRE . . . PHYSICIAN
OFFICE HOURS 10 UNTIL 5

"And after hours, Matt! Until seven, eight, even midnight! A country doctor can't call his time his own." Her voice was sharp, but Matt's grin was agreeable.

"My first memories of wanting to be a doctor go back to riding in the old buckboard with my grandfather. I used to wake when he had a call. Sometimes Dad let me go with him, if Mother didn't object." His smile turned inward, lighting the depths of his eyes with sadness. "She didn't object very often," he added tenderly. "She knew how I felt."

Lorna gave him a sharp glance. Was he hinting that she, also, knew how he felt?

It had been different when he was a child. This had been his mother's home. She had always lived in Westfield, and she didn't dislike the thought that Matt would turn out to be a country doctor like his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather.

Matt had told her that there had always been a doctor in the family.

And, of course, there would be one again as soon as Uncle John was well again. Lorna felt brighter as Matt took her into the well-equipped laboratory—Hallie's domain, he called it—and showed her the white refrigerators.

When he opened them Lorna discovered that everything—penicillin, sulpha, and other drugs she had never heard of, were neatly packaged, and labeled in Hallie's precise, old-fashioned writing. Matt talked of Hallie with an affectionate smile on his lips.

"She's a great old girl, darling! When you know her, you'll love her as much as I do. She looks cold and frightening, but she's not. You should see her handle a sick child, or a crying baby." He grew reminiscent. "After Mother died, she looked after me with all the devotion in the world. She even let me come into her lab—it wasn't new and sparkling like this at that time—and play with her bottles and beakers."

Lorna watched the play of expression on Matt's face, and felt a queer, tugging loneliness. She wondered if she could be jealous of Hallie. Hallie who would be at Matt's side when the Honson twins were born! She spoke almost pleadingly.

"Why didn't I study nursing at the U, instead of all those other things, Matt? Then I could help. . . ."

"You do help," said Matt, dropping a kiss on the top of her bronze curls, "just by being my wife."

SHE loved hearing him say it, but she wasn't content. She turned, coaxing, "I insist that you take me with you, Matt. Take me with you when you go out on calls. . . ." She saw that his glance had turned sharply towards her, and she explained hurriedly: "I can meet people that way, Matt. Get to know them."

He smiled and nodded. "I want you to meet all my old friends. I want them to love you as I do." His dark eyes glowed into hers, and he spoke thoughtfully, almost as though he were unaware that he was revealing his thoughts. "There's something about being a general practitioner, like my father before me, that fascinates me, Lorna. There're always so many things to learn. And I keep thinking that here in Westfield I'll be the pupil and all my friends will be my teachers. It's not only their illnesses that will concern me. It's their joys and sorrows, their triumphs and their fears."

Fears! Lorna's mind snapped at the word and she knew that her own fear was growing with Matt's words, with the look in his serious, dark eyes.

"Oh, Matt," she burst out woefully, "there's so little I know about medicine. Penicillin, ACTH, and Cortisone are just words, although Uncle John does take them to control his arthritis! I've made up my mind to study Hallie's *Nursing Dictionary*. I need to learn, because back in Doctors' Center they will expect a doctor's wife to know something!"

Matt agreed quietly, although his voice was a little gruff. He glanced from the big windows in front, and remarked lightly, "We're going to have our very first visitor, Lorna. I see Carole crossing the street. Shall we go out and meet her?"

LORNA saw the little girl with the roller skates coming towards them. Her brown braids were pushed out behind her as she flew along the sidewalk, and there was an eager interest in her wide blue eyes.

"Are you really going to live here, Dr. Matt?" she cried when she saw him. "Are you really going to be our doctor?"

He nodded gravely. "I really am, Carole." Then he introduced Lorna and said: "I do hope you two are going to be fast friends."

"We are," announced Carole firmly, and put out her small hand. "Can I call you Lorna?" she asked as they shook hands. "I think that's a very pretty name."

Lorna's smile told her that she could. Then Lorna looked at the small, golden cocker which trailed the child's skates and asked his name.

"Chews!" said Carole, smiling and showing the place where her front tooth was gone. "I call him that because that's what he always does. I love him very, very much. He's my most-best p'session!"

"Possession?" Matt repeated the

word laughingly, and teased her: "I'll bet you heard that somewhere. I'll bet you don't even know what it means."

"It means," said Carole triumphantly, "that I *own* him. No one can take him away from me." She frowned, trying to go on, and looked to Lorna for help.

"It means you love him very, very much, and want to keep him all for yourself, and never want anyone else to have him," said Lorna gravely. "Just like the way I feel about my china kittens," she added thoughtfully.

"Kittens?" Matt caught at the word with a puzzled tone. "I didn't know you had any kittens."

Lorna wished she hadn't mentioned them. Carole's eyes, too, were filled with a puzzled look. Lorna's face was pink as she said, "Someone gave them to me when I was about Carole's age. I loved them—still love them very much. I brought them with me to put on my dresser so that I'd never forget how I used to feel about being alone. I had no one. Nothing else to comfort me. Cousin Em was kind, but we were never close. So I clung to my kittens. They became a symbol of ownership."

MATT protested bluntly: "Any psychiatrist could tell you, Lorna, that it's not good for anyone to possess—really possess—anything. Carole doesn't really possess her little dog. He loves her, looks to her for kindness, food, other things. But she doesn't really possess him. He's a free little creature. He belongs to himself. Nothing worth having is worth possessing!"

He finished a little harshly, then, as if he felt he had been almost too forceful about it, he caught Lorna's hand and said lightly: "Come and look at the rock garden, darling. The cactus is in bloom. You've never seen cactus blooming before, have you?"

She was glad to hide her face, the strained look in her gray eyes, as she leaned over the brilliant flowers. They were as big as pottery cups, and just as colorful with their delicate, icy-looking pinks, golds, and ivories. They were deceivingly lovely, and, with a little cry of delight, Lorna put out her hand to examine them. Carole's warning came too late.

"Look out, Lorna!"

But, already, she had run a cactus spine into her slender finger. A sharp, biting, stinging pain swam up her arm. Matt caught her hand and quickly drew the little spine out of the pale flesh. But the pain went on spinning through her hand. Carole stared at the tiny drop of blood which Matt had squeezed from the spot, and spoke gravely.

"Once Chews tried to smell a cactus flower, and Dr. John had to op'rate on his little nose."

Lorna stared at the tiny spot and wondered how anything could be so cruel. It was something like life—all bright and beautiful on the surface, but quick to thrust sharp points to wound and surprise her. She couldn't understand all the things that were happening to her.

Here were beautiful, waxy-looking cactus blossoms and she must not touch them. Back in the old

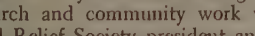
(*Continued on page 140*)

Her Hobby Brings Happiness

MARTHA J. HOLM, EIGHTY YEARS OLD, MAKES KEEPSAKES FOR HER CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN

Martha J. Holm, Logan, Utah, now eighty years old, finds much pleasure in making keepsakes for her seven children and her twenty-nine grandchildren. She makes quilts, crocheted tablecloths, bedspreads, doilies, pillowslips, sofa pillows, and many other decorative articles, including some exquisite textile painting. She does all types of plain and fancy sewing and tailoring. The homes of all her children and grandchildren contain some article of handwork made by Mrs. Holm.

Her activities have extended beyond homemaking and giftmaking, for she has taken an active part in Church and community work wherever she has lived. For eighteen years she was a ward Relief Society president and during this time she nursed the sick, assisted at births, and helped to prepare the dead for burial. She still enjoys work and is grateful for the privilege of service. "All through my years of service in Relief Society and other organizations," says Mrs. Holm, "I have been greatly blessed. My health even at the present time is good. I keep my own flower and vegetable gardens and do much work. I enjoy reading."



Sacrifice

Gertrude Kovan

The rich may give great gifts to the Lord,
But from some poor man's meager hoard,
Who has come to give unto God his all,
Which may only be just one thing, small,
And in the wisdom of the Lord's eyes
This man gives a greater sacrifice.

Thoughts on Patience

Florence S. Glines

PATIENCE is in no sense a passive virtue. It is not enduring things without an effort to improve them. It is not resignation. It is not giving up with a "What's the use?" attitude. It is just the opposite. It is the willingness to try, try again. It is the vision and the inward fortitude to analyze a situation and try one way after another until success is found.

Patience means staying steadfastly with what you know ought to be, without getting emotionally upset, until the task is accomplished. It means looking to the end result without minding the effort it takes to reach it. It means doing everything possible, without fussing over the ticking of the clock or the tired ache in your bones.

Patience is one of the chief ingredients of genius. Someone has said, "Genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains"—and that is patience. We call patience by a great many names: genius, ability, luck, skill, brains. But if others do better than we, it is often due to the fact that they use more patience than we use.

"Oh, I can't get it right!" should be, "I'm not willing to stick to it until it is right!"

Patience, like any quality, becomes a habit through use and repetition. Try to keep your head when faced with a difficulty—also when faced with everyday living. Try to see what the real problem is and then tackle it. Stay with it calmly. Come back to it. Train your patience. You will reap the reward of serenity and success. It works out something like the story of the race between the hare and the tortoise. Remember, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," but to him who has the patience to bring his work to completion.

* * * *

Elms in Winter

Dorothy J. Roberts

The curving boughs of elm trees, black and bare,
Hold the shapes of lutes upon the air
Throughout the winter, motionless, benign,
Each dark limb grown into a graceful line.

Lifting a lute for every wind to smite,
Their branches break the monotone of white
And write with charcoal bark for all to read
Of men who cherished once the smallest seed.

Over the city, summerless and grim,
Arching the avenues like cherubim,
They spread the forms of peace where people go
And bless their tangled footprints in the snow.

Notes From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Edna S. Hatch

PAROWAN STAKE (UTAH), PARAGONAH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY CENTENNIAL WEAVING PROJECT

Members of the Paragonah Relief Society participated in a carpet-weaving project during 1951—Iron County's centennial year. The beautiful rag carpet shown in the picture was woven under the supervision of Anna Riding Williamson, a professional weaver (standing at the left). Twenty Relief Society members participated in the weaving, and practically all the members sewed rags or strips of carpeting together. Emma B. Dalton is the ward Relief Society president.

Edna S. Hatch is president of Parowan Stake Relief Society.

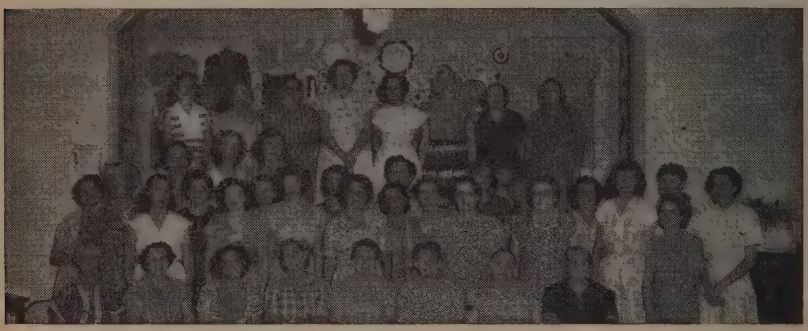
Photograph submitted by Bessie W. Dayley

WEST POCATELLO STAKE (IDAHO), ELEVENTH WARD BAZAAR
October 16, 1951

Left to right: June Dorsey, work meeting leader; Ida Burrell, Counselor; Faye Hammond, President; Hannah Mathews, Counselor.

Numerous articles of fine workmanship were exhibited and sold at this bazaar. Particularly outstanding were the lovely quilts and the large assortment of work aprons and fancy aprons. Many beautifully embroidered tablecloths and pillowslips were included as well as toys and dolls.

Emily S. Romish is president of West Pocatello Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Rula W. Choules

SOUTHERN STATES MISSION, GEORGIA-FLORIDA DISTRICT OBSERVES ACHIEVEMENT DAY, August 9, 1951

Front row, seated, Relief Society district and branch officers: Second from the left, Pearl Paulk, Second Counselor in the Georgia-Florida District; Mildred Barlow, District Secretary; Tottie Brown, District President.

Second row, standing: Seventh from the left, Florence Milton, member of the district Relief Society board and President, Genoa Branch.

Third row, standing: At left, Rachel Roberts, member of the district board and President, Douglas Branch; fourth from the left, Ida Mae Carver, member of the district board; sixth from the left, Luella Bell, member of the district board; seventh from the left, Mary Cooper, member, district board.

Fourth row, standing: Third from the left, Lillian Thornton, member, district board.

Back row, standing: At left, Olive Dyal, President, Live Oak Branch Relief Society; third from the left, Frances Hammock, President, Perry Branch; fourth from the left, Annie Mills, member, district board; sixth from the left, Ollie Mae Adams, district *Magazine* representative; Ora Wilkerson, President, Willacoochee Branch; Elizabeth Lott, President, Fitzgerald Branch.

For this happy occasion Relief Society sisters from all over the district assembled in the forenoon, bringing their lunch with them, which was enjoyed under the trees, near the chapel at Douglas, Georgia. A beautiful display of sewing and art work was arranged in the chapel. A program and recreational events added much to the enjoyment of the day, but the highlight was the testimony meeting held after the other events. There are thirteen branch Relief Societies in the district, and these gatherings have been an annual affair since 1948.

Rula W. Choules is president of the Southern States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Emma B. Solomon

MOAPA STAKE (NEVADA) HONORS VISITING TEACHERS AND FORMER RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS AT LUNCHEON, September 1951

Front row, seated, left to right: Ellen Hafen; Carrie Conger; Flossie Wasden; Myrtle Cheel; LaPriel Bunker, former stake Relief Society first counselor, now president of the California Mission Relief Society; Lucile Earl, former president; Leah Huntsman, former second counselor; Dinah Chadburn; Rena Hardy; Rosella Hunt.

Back row, standing, left to right: Dency Stout; Hazel Hardy; Lillie Dotson; Della Schofield; Dean Tinkler; Ruby Ostenson; Erma Leavitt; Alta Cooper; Effie Tobler; Effa Swapp; Adelia Shurtliff; Evelina Williams; Melba Lewis; Rhoda Leavitt; Olive Marshall; Hazel Christensen; Marie Flowers; Minerva McKnight; Alice Aldredge; Arvilla Johnson; Amy Pierce; Julia Walker; Frances Harper.

Especially honored were the members who had served either as officers or as visiting teachers for twenty years or more.

Emma B. Solomon is president of Moapa Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Esther K. Gunnell

MURRAY STAKE (UTAH), MURRAY SIXTH WARD VISITING TEACHERS MAKE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR FOURTEEN MONTHS

The ward Relief Society president, Wilma Svedin, stands in the back row, at the left. This ward made a 100 per cent visiting teaching record for fourteen months—September 1950 through November 1951.

Esther K. Gunnell is president of Murray Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Beulah Warren

UVADA STAKE (NEVADA), ALAMO WARD RELIEF SOCIETY HONORS PAST AND PRESENT PRESIDENTS, March 17, 1951

Front row, seated, left to right: Artimesia S. Stewart; Sarah J. Schofield; Edna S. Frehner; Nettie R. Graff.

Back row, standing, left to right: Louise B. Stewart; Mary S. Lee; Cecil V. Wadsworth; Gertrude B. Nelson.

This group includes all presidents from 1906 to the present time, except Mary Ann Stewart and Susan W. Wadsworth, deceased.

A corsage was presented to each woman, and a short outline of her life given.

Mary A. Hansen is president of Uvada Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Pearl U. Winkler

NORTH SANPETE STAKE (UTAH), MOUNT PLEASANT NORTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Front row, seated, left to right: Gladys Peterson (1947-49); Hannah Matson (1940-41); Sybil Hanson (1932-34).

Back row, standing, left to right: Jane Brinton (1929-32); Annie Jensen (1936-40); Talula Nelson (1941-45); Amy B. Ursenbach (1945-47); Virginia Jensen (1949-51); Clea R. Madsen, who was president one week before the division of the ward.

These sisters are nine of the presidents who have served in the Mount Pleasant North Ward, which was the first ward organized in Mount Pleasant. Sister Illa Anderson, who served from 1932 to 1936, was unable to be present when the picture was taken.

Pearl U. Winkler is president of North Sanpete Stake Relief Society.

Forgotten Ladder

Grace Barker Wilson

A ladder leans against a barren tree
In the deserted orchard. The red paint
Curls crisply from the weather and the wind
Like tiny leaves the autumn has forgot.
The busy feet that recently had climbed
Up to the top to gather russet pears,
Now tarry by the fireplace in the glow
Of winter warmth. No living thing comes near.
Except a flock of birds, in passing, rest
A moment in the branches overhead.
It is a haunting and nostalgic thing
To see a ladder standing lonesomely.

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 8—Lehi, Man of Visions

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: I Nephi, chapters 1-8.)

For Tuesday, May 6, 1952

Objective: To show that "the tender mercies of the Lord are over all those whom he hath chosen, because of their faith, to make them mighty even unto the power of deliverance" (I Nephi 1:20).

IT was in the first year of the reign of Zedekiah, ruler of the kingdom of Judah, that many prophets came into Jerusalem to warn the people of the impending destruction of Jerusalem unless the people repented of their sins.

Even earlier than the reign of Zedekiah in Jerusalem, the Hebrews had heard the warning voice of a great Old Testament prophet. Isaiah preached political and ecclesiastical reform near the end of the eighth century B.C. He could see the approaching downfall of Jerusalem. Time after time, he addressed the people who thronged the streets of Jerusalem. The Assyrians, he insisted, had been permitted to waste and plunder Palestine because of the wrongdoing of the people of the kingdom of Israel.

Another prophet, this one living within the reign of Zedekiah, was Jeremiah. Reform was the one thing needful for the salvation of Israel. But his message went unheeded. He was persecuted and imprisoned.

Ezekiel, another Old Testament prophet of the period, did much of his preaching between 592 B.C. and 586 B.C. Like Jeremiah, he predicted the utter destruction of Jerusalem unless the people repented. He taught that men were individually accountable to God, and called upon each one to examine his own heart.

The great patriarch of The Book of Mormon, Lehi, felt as these other prophets, that the crying need of Jerusalem was for individual repentance. Called by God as one of the great prophets of this twilight period of Jewish nationalism, he felt his responsibility keenly. He prayed to the Lord with a sincere heart in behalf of his people.

In answer to his prayer "there came a pillar of fire and dwelt upon a rock before him; and he saw and heard much" (I Nephi 1:6). Quaking and trembling with fear, he re-

turned to his house in Jerusalem, cast himself upon his bed,

> . . . and was carried away in a vision, even that he saw the heavens open and he thought he saw God sitting upon his throne, surrounded with numberless concourses of angels in the attitude of singing and praising their God. . . . He saw one descending out of the midst of heaven, and he beheld that his luster was above that of the sun at noon-day. And he also saw twelve others following him, and their brightness did exceed that of the stars in the firmament (I Nephi 1:8, 9).

The first one came and stood before Lehi, handed him a book, and bade him read. He was filled with the Spirit of the Lord, and he read, "Wo, wo, unto Jerusalem, for I have seen thine abominations!" (I Nephi 1:13). Many things did Lehi read concerning Jerusalem, that it should be destroyed, and that many of the people should perish by the sword, and that many others should be taken into captivity in Babylon.

Lehi went forth among the Jews and prophesied concerning those things which he had both seen and heard. To them he testified of their wickedness and abominations. The Jews mocked him and sought to take his life, but, as Nephi wrote: "The tender mercies of the Lord are over all those whom he has chosen, because of their faith, to make them mighty even unto the power of deliverance" (I Nephi 1:20).

The Lord commanded Lehi in a dream that he should depart with his family into the wilderness. Obedient to this commandment, Lehi took his family, provisions, and tents, and departed into the wilderness, leaving his house, his gold, silver, and precious things in Jerusalem. His family comprised his wife, Sariah, and sons Laman, Lemuel, Sam, and Nephi. He traveled three days in the wilderness in the borders near the Red Sea, and then pitched his tent in a valley by the side of a river of water.

There he built an altar of stones, and made an offering unto the Lord, and gave thanks.

His solicitous nature for the welfare of his family is implicit in what he said as he gazed around the little valley in which they were encamped. Observing that the river emptied into the Red Sea, he turned to his oldest son, Laman, and said:

> O that thou mightest be like unto this river, continually running into the fountain of all righteousness (I Nephi 1:9).

And then he said to Lemuel:

> O that thou mightest be like unto this valley, firm and steadfast, and immovable in keeping the commandments of the Lord (I Nephi 1:10).

It was from the depths of a sorrowing heart that these words came, for these two wayward sons had been complaining that their father was a visionary man who had led them out of Jerusalem to perish in the wilderness, because of the foolish imaginations of his heart. The same spirit which possessed the unbelieving Jews in Jerusalem was in these two sons. They did not believe the words of the prophets that Jerusalem was in danger of imminent destruction. Lehi, however, being filled with the Spirit of the Lord, confounded them that they did not dare to speak against him, and they did as he commanded. Nephi, however, desiring to know

the mysteries of God, cried unto the Lord and was visited by the Lord so Nephi believed the words which Lehi had spoken and Sam believed on Nephi's words.

Lehi spoke to his youngest son, Nephi, telling him that the Lord had commanded him in a dream to send Nephi and his brothers back to Jerusalem to the house of Laban for the record of the Jews and also a genealogy of Lehi's ancestors, engraven upon plates of brass. Nephi did not murmur but accepted the assignment willingly. "For I know," he said to his father, "that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them" (I Nephi 3:7). After many trying experiences, Nephi, the real leader of the group, brought his brothers back into camp with the records.

During the long absence of their sons on this sacred mission, Sariah, fearing that her sons had perished, accused Lehi of being a visionary man, saying, "Behold thou hast led us forth from the land of our inheritance, and my sons are no more, and we perish in the wilderness" (I Nephi 5:2).

Lehi comforted Sariah telling her that he knew the Lord would deliver their sons out of the hands of Laban and bring them down again into the wilderness. When they returned she agreed, "Now I know of a surety, that the Lord hath commanded my husband to flee into the wilderness" (I Nephi 5:8).

Speaking again to Lehi, the Lord commanded him that his sons should again return to Jerusalem to bring down Ishmael and his family, to join them in the wilderness, that they might raise up seed unto the Lord in the land of promise. Ishmael's family consisted of his wife, their five daughters, two sons, and their families.

Lehi's sons were successful in persuading Ishmael and his family to accompany them into the wilderness. After a short rebellion as they journeyed in the wilderness, they arrived at the tent of Lehi, ready to go to the land of promise.

Shortly after the arrival of Ishmael and his family, Lehi announced that he had "dreamed a dream or, in other words," had seen a vision. As a result of this vision, he said, he had reason to rejoice over Sam and Nephi, for he felt that they and their seed would be righteous. But he said that he had cause to mourn because of Laman and Lemuel. He feared lest they should be cast off from the presence of the Lord.

In his dream he saw a dark and dreary wilderness. Walking through this wilderness, he prayed to the Lord. Soon he saw a large and spacious field, in which grew a tree, the fruit of which was desirable to make one happy. Lehi tasted the fruit and was filled with joy. Casting his eyes round about to discover his family, he beheld a river running along near the tree. Not far off, he saw at the head of the stream, Sariah, Sam, and Nephi standing as if they knew not whither they should go. Lehi beckoned to them. They came to him and partook of the fruit.

After locating Laman and Lemuel, Lehi invited them to partake of the fruit, but they would not come to him.

Lehi then observed that a rod of iron extended along the river bank to the tree. He also beheld a straight and narrow path which came along by the rod of iron even to the tree. It also led by the head of the fountain unto a large and spacious field as if it had been the world. Innumerable people were pressing forward, endeavoring to follow the path to the tree. Because of a mist of darkness, however, many who started on the path lost their way. Others caught hold of the end of the rod of iron, and pressed forward through the mist to the tree, clinging to the rod of iron.

When they had partaken of the fruit, they observed across the river a spacious building filled with people, dressed in a manner exceeding fine. The people were mocking and ridiculing those who were eating the fruit. And, afterwards, those who had enjoyed the fruit were ashamed and fell away into forbidden paths and were lost. They did not feel the import of the message and say with Paul, that loyal and devoted follower of Christ in a later day:

> For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek (Romans 1:16).

Laman and Lemuel were numbered among those who did not partake of the fruit, and Lehi feared concerning their welfare. Lehi, with all the feeling of a tender, loving parent, pleaded with them to hearken to his words, that perhaps the Lord would be merciful to them, and to keep the commandments of God.

Nephi later was given an interpretation of this vision, recording that the tree was "the love of God . . . the rod of iron . . . was the word of God, which led to the fountain of living water, or to the tree of life."

All these visions were given to Lehi during the time of his residence in Jerusalem and his encampment in the valley of Lemuel, by the river of Laman. Truly he was a man of visions.

Suggested Readings

MONSON, LELAND H.: *Life in Ancient America*, chapters 2, and 4-6 inclusive.

Questions for Discussion

1. How does God rule among the nations?
2. How can we escape the mists of darkness which Lehi saw?

Storm-Bent Pine

Iris W. Schow

Hold, while the rock remains where you are clinging;
Bend, if you must, before the baleful blast,
But never yield, no matter what its fury,
And you shall see it waste itself at last.

Though nearly spent, though torn of limb, though shaken,
Stand by your sacred, self-planned regimen;
If you survive, the hour will come to offer
A nesting place where hope can build again.

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 8—"He That Will Not Believe My Words Will Not Believe Me—That I Am" (Ether 4:12)

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, May 6, 1952

Objective: To show that when one truly accepts Jesus Christ, he accepts his words as well.

IT is only logical to presume that if we believe in Christ, we will also believe his words. Likewise those who do not believe his words do not truly accept him, for he and his doctrine are inseparable. Belief in Christ is equivalent to saying, "I believe that thou art, so unreservedly I believe all thy words also."

From time to time we hear people remark casually, "Why, yes, of course I believe in Jesus Christ." But when this assertion is followed by discussion, it may be found that, in reality, they do not believe in him, for they reject many of his teachings. They may say, "Yes, I believe that principle, but not this one," or "I will accept that doctrine with reservation." This attitude belies the former statement of belief in Jesus Christ. The two are not compatible.

It is not necessary to have individual proof of certain facts to know that they are so. A great percentage of the knowledge we have concerning places and people and things comes to us second hand, third hand, or even more removed. Nor is it practical for each individual to expect that ordinary facts be verified for him personally. Some of the information in our sacred writings we receive second hand, or more removed, as well; but pertaining to spiritual matters we may know personally by faith and through the operation of the Holy Ghost that a certain doctrine is true, as surely as we know any other undisputed material fact. When the Holy Ghost testifies to an individual that the words of Christ are true, he knows they are, just as surely as though Jesus himself came to him personally and told him so. An interesting statement regarding such knowledge was made by Warren Weaver, Director for the Natural Sciences in the Rockefeller Foundation, in the October 1950 issue of *Scientific American*. He declared: "It is rather surprisingly the case that the only time man is ever really sure is not when he is dealing with science, but when he is dealing with matters of faith."

Human beings are so constituted that when they entertain an attitude demanding proof that certain doctrine is true, they bar themselves from receiving the firm testimony that can come from the Holy Ghost. Individual revelation comes when there is a desire to find the truth. "Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you," said Jesus. Never did he say, "Re-

sist, and ye shall know. Reject and criticize, and ye shall know." The humble searching of an honest heart will be answered by the unshakable testimony of the Holy Ghost.

Faith is a wonderful gift from God to those who diligently seek it. Through it one may know that Jesus is the Christ and that all the words he has spoken are true,

Work Meeting—Sewing

The Art of Mending

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 8—Linens and Household Articles

Jean Ridges Jennings

For Tuesday, May 13, 1952

(Textbook: *The Complete Book of Sewing*, by Constance Talbot)

A good homemaker will be just as diligent in repairing worn areas that occur in household textiles as those in clothing. It is thrifty and necessary to keep linens and other articles in good repair.

A careful survey should be made at regular intervals to check up on the condition of table linen, sheets, pillow cases, towels, bedspreads, and bath mats. Much time and effort can be saved by catching worn areas before they break into holes or tears. By making reinforcements early, you may save an article that you could not replace.

Blankets are always worth any extra time you spend in prolonging their life. When bindings wear out, rip off the ragged, worn, parts and replace them with new bindings. This will prevent tears from starting. You may buy material and make your own, or use that already prepared and sold in bolts at notions counters. It comes in a variety of colors, both cotton and rayon. If the blanket is not worth a new binding, strengthen the ends with a blanket stitch finish after first stitching a couple of times on the machine to give strength.

Watch bath towels for the first sign of fraying on the selvage. Arrest the wear here by turning under the edge once and stitching two or three times on the machine. Darn small holes in terry bath towels with darning cotton, using a plain darn.

Repair terry bath mats the same way as you would towels unless the worn part is near the edge. In this case, cut off the worn part and bind the new edge with twilled tape.

When bedspreads need mending, patching material can be taken from the corners at the foot or from the end of an extra long spread. On tufted or chenille spreads straight tears can be drawn together with an overhand stitch. Then put in new tufts and the mend will scarcely show. In the absence of matching tufting yarn, six strand embroidery floss will do.

When patches are used either on lace or tufted spreads, set in patches that match the pattern as nearly as possible.

Sheets wear thin in the center while the outside edges are still strong. You can give your torn sheets a new lease on life when they tear in the center by splitting them down the middle and seaming the outside edges together, along the selvage. Lap one edge over the other and stitch twice to form a flat seam. Make small hems on the outside edges.

If small holes or tears appear in sheets or pillow cases, mend them at once with set in patches that are stitched in place on the machine. When hems split along the fold, trim off frayed edges, turn them in and overhand the two together. Or rip off the old hem, cut off along the old fold, and turn a new hem.

When pillowcases are worn along the side folds, rip out the end hem where it crosses the folds. Now take a seam deep enough to take out the worn edge, then restitch the hem.

Mend small holes in linen tablecloths or napkins with threads from the linen of the same cloth even if you have to sacrifice a napkin to get them. For patching larger holes, take patching material from a napkin or an old cloth of similar weight and color. If the patch comes in a suitable place, disguise it by working a pattern or monogram over it. It then becomes a design instead of a blemish.

When hemstitching breaks on linens make new "spokes," to replace the broken ones, with a needle and thread. Long sections of worn or broken hemstitching can be replaced with fagotting. In some cases small rickrack can be inserted to replace the hemstitching.

When lace or marquisette curtains split lengthwise, weave in new threads. Darned places rarely show in full curtains as they lie in the folds when hanging. If the holes are near the edge, trim off the damaged part and put in a new hem. On some narrow curtains an added ruffle of net or a contrasting applied hem makes a suitable addition when torn parts need to be cut away, thus adding new life to your curtains.

Literature— The Literature of England

Lesson 24—William Wordsworth (concluded)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

For Tuesday, May 20, 1952

THE aim of our last lesson was to introduce Wordsworth and some of the ideas and personalities which helped build his philosophy as revealed in some of his earlier poems. In this lesson we shall attempt to point out further elements in his poetry which prove him to be a fitting spokesman for the essential English spirit, elements which entitle him to be regarded not only as one of the early and great forces in English romanticism, but as one of her greatest poet-philosophers.

It has been justly observed of the nineteenth-century English writers that one difficulty in coming to know them is that many of them simply wrote too much. Wordsworth is not free from such criti-

cism, although it seems somewhat absurd to censure an author for writing a large body of works which are of highest merit, regardless of how much he wrote of inferior quality. Yet the practical problem remains of presenting the remaining pages of Wordsworth's work in our text in a manner most valuable to the Relief Society class leader and her class, and at the same time in a manner most economical of time and effort.

Admitting this problem, but at the same time believing that there are very few lines in Wordsworth which are so difficult as not to be understood on a careful first reading, we shall attempt to intensify the rewards of reading certain selections from Wordsworth by pointing out certain values within them, thus narrowing down more quickly the selections the class leader might wish finally to present in some detail to her group.

Our study of the *Preface* to *Lyrical Ballads* in our previous lesson revealed Wordsworth's new romantic principles of freedom to choose poetic form and word to make his poems as simple and unadorned as the common man in the street. Another great romantic principle, illustrated throughout his poems, is to be found in the lyrical, subjective mood and point of view which dominates his works. Regardless of what his announced subject may be, nor how simple or even childish it may at first appear, Wordsworth colors and strengthens and enlarges the most trivial subject into a profound revelation of human wisdom and insight. His method is always to answer the problems of reality by probing deep within himself, and when he is successful in arranging his delightful and profound findings in an artistic form compatible with the inner idea he would express, we have another great poem produced.

It is therefore fitting, and not at all accidental, that Wordsworth should have written the greatest and most revealing autobiographical poem in our language. Begun in 1799 and completed in 1805 (although not published until after his death in 1850), "The Prelude" is the philosophical poem which resulted when Wordsworth retired to the remote lake district determined to write "a literary work that might live"; he sought in this work "to record, in verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, as far as he was acquainted with them." The fourteen books into which the poem is divided contain a detailed account of his inner awareness during his schooldays and childhood, his tours of Europe, his disillusionment during the French Revolution, finally recounting how he was restored to an increasing love of humanity by the sustaining influence of nature.

Traditionally Wordsworth is heralded as the "poet-priest" of nature. The realm of the out-of-doors is his constant subject, but his theme is not nature for its own sake alone, but rather what it does for man—specifically for Wordsworth himself. While the two out of the fourteen books in our text contain many real and delightful descriptions of Wordsworth's joy as a child when surrounded by nature (an autumn day, page 126, l. 59 ff; a naked child's romping in the river, page 129, l. 282 ff; robbing birds'

nests, page 130, l. 326 ff; etc.), these passages describing the joys of nature are interspersed with poetized philosophizing, with wondering at the mysteries of nature and her effects upon the delicate soul of the growing boy. For example, in the opening lines he describes the liberating breeze of the country air, but really he is moved, not by the breeze, but by the remembrance of the joy which it aroused within him:

Oh, there is blessing in this gentle breeze,
A visitant that while it fans my cheek
Doth seem half-conscious of the joy it brings
From the green fields, and from yon azure sky.
Whate'er its mission, the soft breeze can come
To none more grateful than to me; escaped
From the vast city, where I long had pined
A discontented sojourner: now free,
Free as a bird to settle where I will . . . .
The earth is all before me. With a heart
Joyous, nor scared at its own liberty,
I look about; and should the chosen guide
Be nothing better than a wandering cloud,
I cannot miss my way. I breathe again!
Trances of thought and mountings of the mind
Come fast upon me: it is shaken off,
That burthen of my own unnatural self,
The heavy weight of many a weary day
Not mine . . . . (pp. 125-126)

It is these sublime musings, prompted by some scene or intimate beauty in nature, which give to Wordsworth the elevated grandeur which is the unmistakable signature of great poetry, a flavor which we have already found to be overwhelming in his "Tintern Abbey," and which recalls the majesty and vastness of Milton, whom Wordsworth loved and respected. In this first book from "The Prelude," as throughout all his best poetry, we find such passages. He philosophizes about liberty (page 126, beginning line 31); he states the unrest of youth, and the nebulous desire to achieve grandly in mortality (page 127, line 94 ff.); confessing the inward conflicts of adolescence, he feels, as far better than his restlessness, the need

. . . to stray about
Voluptuously through fields and rural walks,
And ask no record of the hours, resigned
To vacant musing, unreproved neglect
Of all things, and deliberate holiday.
(text, page 129, lines 250-254)

On page 130, beginning line 340, he acknowledges the growth of immortal spirit within him "Like harmony in music"; on page 131, line 401, he begins a passage of moving beauty and power in which he expresses gratitude for the human soul and the thrill of feeling its being purified within by acquaintance with nature.

There are abundant similar passages—so abundant that many readers have become bewildered by the enmassed fruitfulness of Wordsworth's imagination and insight and left "The Prelude" as too big to read. Such a decision is unfortunate, for this poem is the pure fountainhead from which the best of Wordsworth flows into lines of mellow blank verse expressing his tender sensitivity of the human spirit; the sweetness and beauty of joy he finds in living the simple, natural life; and showing the rare skill with which he recalls the long-lost nuances of his growing mind and soul as he feels their awakening powers.

Note to Class Leaders:

"The Prelude" is fundamental to all of

Wordsworth's other writings, and contains the germ of all else. If you decide to use parts of it in your lesson, remember that intensive study is memorable and real. Applying Wordsworth's final advice in the *Preface*, read aloud until your own heart tells you that which is vital and beautifully done; here is material which your sisters will be grateful for hearing from your lips.

"Michael" is a happy combination of content and form, although it does contain a few lines of exalted cadence but trivial content which was one of Wordsworth's stylistic weaknesses. For example, he describes the lamp as

An aged utensil, which had performed
Service beyond all others of its kind.

The strength of his writing in this poem lies in the fact that the lines themselves catch the simplicity of Michael's way of life; they also incarnate his industry, noble character, and wholesome ideals. Here is a tale centering about the unbounded love of father for son, and how, after the wayward son succumbs to the wickedness of the city, the aged father seeks solace in work and in the strengthening influence of nature. This poem has a slow-moving, solemn beauty all its own, but it records traits basic both in Wordsworth and in the essential English character.

In "Michael" as in several of his poems—"Resolution and Independence"; "London, 1802"; "The World Is Too Much With Us"; "Thoughts of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland"; we find the strongly romantic concern for the rights of man as they are warped, sometimes annihilated, by a social and political system which Wordsworth fears loves luxury and wealth more than it loves virtue, and which exerts an autocratic power at the expense of its subjects' liberty. In the person of the Leechgatherer in "Resolution and Independence" we find personified a gross indifference, almost a cruelty, of nature in having created so misshapen a creature who, living amid the usually beneficent surroundings of nature, is not protected by her from the economic necessity of men. This is not a strong note in Wordsworth's work, but it is a constant one, and displays a respect for realism and the sterner aspects of life which strengthens his stature as a romantic writer.

Aside from Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," the fifth stanza of Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollentions of Early Childhood" is possibly quoted at more funerals than any other poem, and not without justification:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
  Hath had elsewhere its setting,
    And cometh from afar:
  Not in entire forgetfulness,
  And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
  From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
  Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
  Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
  And by the vision splendid
  Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Particularly the first half of the stanza lends itself to quotation,

since it is short, contains a brilliant image which most aptly expresses the thought, and gives memorable statement to the reality of immortality. But fitting as this quotation has proved itself on such occasions, it is unfair and unfortunate, both to poet and audience, that this one passage is so often lifted from its context to become a unity of itself alone.

Granted that the above statement is somewhat extreme, it does, nonetheless, seem advisable to lift stanza five from the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" in order that this section may be read by all Relief Society women in the hope that they will thoughtfully, sympathetically, read the poem in its entirety. Only then can one experience the full flavor of Wordsworth's tone and mood; serene, delicate, large. Only then does the deeper intent of the poem become apparent: not only does Wordsworth wish to proclaim his belief in immortality, but he desires even more to emphasize the near immortal state that is the awe-inspiring mystery of childhood. In parts nine and ten he comes as near catching the pure innocent joy of youth as did Blake in his *Songs of Innocence*. Indeed the two poets have much in common, not the least of which is their abilities so to commune with the very real otherworldliness that the beauty of their vision lights up their lines and their words attain a texture and a sustained loftiness rarely heard.

Suggestions for Discussion

1. Discuss evidence that Wordsworth is a romantic.
2. What was his purpose in writing "The Prelude"?
3. Is Wordsworth a poet or a philosopher? Can these be combined?
4. Why might portions of "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" be compared to the poetry of Blake?

Social Science—The Progress of Man

Part 2—From Darkness Into Dawn

Lesson 14—The American Revolution

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text: *The Progress of Man*, by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, chapter 24.)

For Tuesday, May 27, 1952

Objective: To give underlying reasons for the American colonists breaking away from the mother country; and to show that they were aided by the power of God in validating their Declaration of Independence.

Political Freedom in American Colonies

THE discovery of America brought to Europe many problems which had not existed before. The French colonists had no disposition to build permanent homes and subdue the wilderness. They were of a roaming disposition, and their country had many difficulties in making permanent settlements on this account. The French were not permitted in any sense to conduct their own political affairs. France

sent out officials to govern them and they were denied any voice in the matter. A similar attitude was taken by Spain.

The English colonists, however, came to this land with the firm conviction that they had rights which had been guaranteed them since the days of the Magna Charta, and that these rights were constitutional. In political matters the thirteen English colonies had considerable freedom. In fact they claimed all the rights which were granted to the English people at home. These rights included trial by jury, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom from imprisonment without trial, the right of habeas corpus, and other privileges embodied in the English common law. They had the privilege of organizing houses of representatives and smaller houses or councils, similar to the English Parliament. In this way they were enabled to make laws to govern themselves as long as they did not conflict with the laws of Parliament and the government at home. Such privileges were not extended to colonists under any other flag.

The English colonists held that they should not be taxed without proper voice in the affairs of government, and that they had the right to elect their own representatives. The English king and Parliament felt that they had a perfect right to tax and restrict the colonists.

With the French and Spanish such treatment seemed to be only natural, they understood nothing else, but not so with the English. Since the days of King John they had been trained to have high regard for the personal rights guaranteed them in the British law. Why, they felt, should colonists be considered different in any respect from British subjects who were within the shires and counties of Great Britain?

Restrictions on Commerce

Regarding commerce and trade, the views held in all the European countries towards their specific colonies were similar. These views were that the colonies existed for the sole purpose of benefit to the mother countries. According to English law the home markets had a claim upon all the products coming from the colonies. Such trade had to be carried in English boats and delivered at English ports. The law followed the mercantile theory which was formed to protect the home manufacturers. The grants extended to explorers and early colonizers were based on the demand that definite jurisdiction should be maintained by the homeland.

In this regard, England was no worse, and, in some respects, much better than other countries claiming territory in the New World. The colonists were expected to produce needed raw materials, but such materials must not compete in any way with products made at home. They could not build up manufacturing establishments because such ventures would injure the business of manufacturers in the mother country. The colonists of one country were forbidden to trade with the colonists of another, or with other countries. Moreover, as the colonists were expected to furnish raw materials to their native land, they were also expected to purchase the finished products from

her. Because of these restrictions, they were forbidden to launch out in an enterprise not approved by the home government.

Religious Attitudes

France and Spain admitted only Catholics to the American colonies, while the majority of the English colonists were Protestants and some belonged to the Church of England. Except in the colony founded by Roger Williams, real religious freedom did not exist. After the death of Roger Williams in 1683, the regulations which he established were greatly modified so that Roman Catholics were disfranchised as late as the eighteenth century.

Why the Colonies Rebelled

The rebellion against the English government on the part of the American colonies was not brought about because they were more harshly treated than were other colonists, but occurred because the English people had been differently trained. They felt the injustice of treatment accorded them by the mother country, denying to them political rights, taxing without proper representation, and restricting freedom of trade and commerce. They resented the edict of the home government that they were not to manufacture, but only to furnish raw materials; then, when the raw materials were made up into salable goods, they resented buying them at excessive rates and paying a tax in addition. In this attitude toward the colonies, the British government perhaps had no thought of being unjust or unfair. It was a matter of thinking that the colonists were in America simply to serve as a financial benefit to the British nation.

This treatment by the home government irritated the colonists. When they began to show their irritation, members of the British government in power at home showed resentment, and thus the breach was widened until reparation could not be made.

At the time of the rebellion against the English, Great Britain was at war with Franch, Spain, and Holland; and hostile neutrals were harassing her. When she endeavored, because of the cost of war, to place heavy burdens upon the colonists and tax them without representation, they protested and vigorously petitioned for relief from the burdens they felt were unjust. When their protests and appeals failed and they became subject to military rule and were forced to take care of the military forces, and when their civil liberty was threatened, their ports closed, and undue pressure brought to bear against them for rebellion, they rose up in their might and the Revolution was on. "The king," wrote Jefferson, "has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns and destroyed our people."

The Power of God Was With Them

Looking back to 1775 and the years preceding and following, when the American government was in the travail of birth, it is plain to see that the Lord was keeping his promise and fighting the battles of the colonists. It was the decree of the Almighty that American land should be free, and that here political, as well as religious liberty,

should have a rebirth. If circumstances had not been right for the revolution, the colonists would have had a more difficult time in winning their independence. In the days of wooden sailing vessels, America was too far away for a successful campaign on the part of the British. The colonists were weak and they were taxed to the limit of their powers to maintain themselves. Even with all the wars and difficulties Great Britain was then encountering, had the Lord not been fighting on the side of the Americans, they would have failed.

The result of the conflict was more far reaching than was generally supposed. The freedom of the United States and the establishing of a republic in this Western Land were incentives to other peoples upon the shores of America. The Lord intended that they should all be free from political intrigues and domination of the Old World, for this was to be a land of liberty unto the Gentiles as long as they would serve the Lord and be humble. Had the English king, George III, and his Parliament hearkened to the voice of protest from the American colonists, and the voices of some statesmen at home, such as Edmund Burke, the whole trend of history in the New World might have taken a very different course. But such was not the destiny of things. Had it not been so, who can tell what would have happened to religious and political freedom which has since been proclaimed, not only in America, but has had its influence in many other parts of the world.

The Declaration of Independence

The war knit the colonies together in a common cause. At the outbreak of hostilities, the several American states or territories had various forms of government. Connecticut and Rhode Island held charters entitling them to manage their own affairs. Eight of them were under governors appointed by the king. Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland were governed by their proprietors, successors to those who had originally received grants. Each of the colonies had a legislative assembly; they levied their own taxes and had the chief voice in the making of their laws.

While, at first, they did not seek separation from the mother country, as the trouble progressed, they determined that no other course was open to them—and finally they were fighting for complete independence and the right to establish a government of their own.

In June 1776, Richard Henry Lee of Virginia offered this resolution to the Continental Congress:

> Resolved: that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and Great Britain is and ought to be, totally dissolved.

A committee of five was designated to prepare a statement of the American cause. The committee appointed Thomas Jefferson, as one of its members, to draft a declaration. Except for minor alterations the Declaration was wholly Jefferson's in both word and spirit.

On July 2, the Lee resolution was adopted, and the Declaration was introduced and debated in Congress. Some changes were made during the debate, the most important be-

ing the omission of a passage that denounced King George for promoting the African slave trade. On the fourth day of July, 1776, the Declaration was adopted by the Congress, and later it was signed by the members of Congress. Thus, by legal act of representatives of her people, the Government of the United States of America was born.

This government is not the government which will be set up when Christ comes to rule. The Lord expects great things of this American nation, however, in assisting to bring to pass his purpose of preparing for the ushering in of the kingdom of God. When that time comes, the Prince of Peace will take his rightful place as God and Governor of all the earth.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Describe the mercantile theory of commerce believed in prior to the Revolutionary War.
2. Compare the American colonists of England with those of other European countries.
3. Name three important differences between the colonists and the mother country of England.
4. Name some outstanding principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence.
5. Why did Emerson describe the Battle of Concord as "the shot heard round the world?"
6. Cite evidences to show that the power of God was with the colonists.
7. Consider this forceful declaration by President Brigham Young: "There is not another nation under heaven, in whose midst the Book of Mormon could have been brought forth. The Lord has been operating for centuries to prepare the way for the coming forth of the contents of that Book from the bowels of the earth. . . . It was the Lord who directed the discovery of this land to the nations of the Old World, and its settlement, and the war for independence, and the final victory of the colonies, and the unprecedented prosperity of the American nation, up to the calling of Joseph the Prophet. The Lord has dictated and directed the whole of this, for the bringing forth, and establishing of his Kingdom in the last days" (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, 1925 edition, page 167; 1941 and 1943 editions, page 109).

Music—Fundamentals of Musicianship

APPRECIATION, CONDUCTING, SINGING, AND ACCOMPANYING

Lessons for Union Meetings for 1951-52

Lesson 16—Joy and Service Through Singing and Playing; Things We Should Know About Music; the Value of Music in Everyday Life

Florence Jepperson Madsen

Objective: To expand our understanding and appreciation of music; to render more efficient service through participation in music.

Joy and Service Through Singing and Playing

"Those whose love and knowledge of music will enable them not only to receive but also to give will always be the happiest. For music, being harmony, is a companionable art; and activity in music carries with it one of the greatest enjoyments which people can have" (Eric Clarke, *Music in Everyday Life*).

Participation is the door to success and joy in any musical activity.

The organist, who gives the first welcoming tones in an assembly, and the conductor, who leads the audience or the chorus in a song, realize that they are

contributing to the success of the service, and that it is within their power to instill in the hearts of the participants a spirit of unity, peace, and reverence. This realization brings to them a sense of deepest joy.

The members of a congregation who sing together have the feeling of belonging and, through their singing, attune themselves to the spiritual joy of the occasion.

The missionary who makes use of his musical talents experiences, through this added power of service, greater spirituality and joy in his work.

Things We Should Know About Music

Historical Facts

The earliest musical experiments of man were in the realm of rhythm. This was first done by tapping or beating on wood or other hard materials, by clapping the hands, or by stamping the feet.

Music history records that about 900 or 1000 A.D., the simple harmonization of melody came into existence and use. Previous to that time music history records that it was performed in unison and was learned by "rote."

Classification of Music Styles

Before presenting a song the conductor should classify it according to the nature of its message under one of the three types of vocal expression or style: Bel Canto, Declamatory, and Diction.

(a) Bel Canto (Italian) means "beautiful singing."

In this style, beauty of tone is of paramount importance. Melody lines are sung with continuity and smoothness. Word speaking is subdued.

Examples:

"As The Dew From Heaven Distilling" (Hymn)

"Come Unto Him" (from *The Messiah*, by Handel)

(b) Declamatory

This style includes the recitative and intense emotional songs as found in oratorios and operas, dramatic songs and scenes, and songs of characterization.

Examples:

"Thus Saith the Lord" (recitative for bass from *The Messiah*)

"The Erlking," by Schubert (Characterization)

"The Voice in the Wilderness," by Scott (first lines, dramatic)

(c) Diction

In this classification word speaking is of primary importance.

Examples: (from *Recreational Songs*)

"Cantique de Noel" (O Holy Night) by Adam, Narrative

"Bendemeer's Stream" (Irish Folk Melody), Narrative

"Grandfather's Clock," by Work, Descriptive

"Anvil Chorus" by Verdi, Descriptive

"The Bumblebee" by Rimsky-Korsakov (Instrumental), Imitative

"Swiss Echo Song" by Eckert (vocal solo), Imitative.

The descriptive and the imitative frequently overlap. Many of the songs we sing belong to the Bel Canto style. An intermixing of all the above styles produces interesting contrasts in a musical rendition.

The Value of Music in Everyday Life

She who works with a song in her heart ends the day's routine with a minimum of monotony and fatigue.

Practically every constructive recreational activity is complemented with music before, during, or after the event—the collegiate ball games, dances, moving pictures, concerts, radio programs, festivals.

Music stimulates noble thoughts, feelings, and emotions, and affords an ideal outlet for their expression.

It increases friendliness, understanding, and sympathy, and generates love and family unity.

Music dispels fear, gloom, and worry, and supplants these with courage, faith, and spirituality.

It develops sociability, personality, leadership, and poise.

All musical participation conduces to health and discipline of mind, body, and spirit.

"Literature has given a meaning to life; music amplifies that meaning. To understand music is to have an additional weapon to fight life's battles" (Eric Clarke, from *Music in Everyday Life*).

"To Thine Own Self"

(Continued from page 109)

empty seats at school. I guess I've had my last date with Jiggs. He probably thinks I'm a poor sport. I don't care, I'm *glad* I didn't go.

And printed carefully across the bottom of the page: *To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.*

Sandra raised her eyes from the page. Mom had a problem, too. The Jiggs and Bricks in the world were horrid, and she hated them. She glanced down at the diary again and her eyes caught the inscription on the back of her father's picture. It was faded and hard to make out. It read: "For the sweetest girl in the world, from Jiggs." *Jiggs was her own father!*

* * * *

HER father's voice startled her. "This just came for you, Sandy." He was standing on the attic steps holding a small florist's box.

"Whom is it from, Dad?" A surprised frown creased her brow.

"There is no card on the outside. Perhaps you had better open it." He was suddenly aware of how small and alone she looked in the big attic.

She opened the box, and there in the tissue paper were a bunch of violets and a small envelope. The note inside was brief:

Dear Sandra:

I'd like to tell you how sorry I am about last night. I honestly didn't know there was going to be drinking at Hebe's. I know you are not that kind of girl, and I guess that's why I like you best. You surely acted quiet and mad. If you're not still mad, would you go to Church with me tonight? I have to drive mother to Logan, but I'll be back about four and give you a buzz. I hope we can still be friends.

Brick

Sandra raised shining, tear-filled eyes from the note. "Oh, Dad!"

"Well, I don't know whom that's from, but you sure look happy about it." He smiled tenderly at her.

"It's . . . it's from Brick."

"Brick. That's the red-headed one who has been here so often. Is he the right kind of boy, Sandy?" He smiled sadly. "I guess I'm a little late in asking that."

He climbed the last few steps and knelt beside her. "I'm sorry I didn't go to your graduation, baby. I . . . I guess I felt my life was over when mother left us. I sort of forgot your life is just beginning. I'll try to be a better Dad in the future."

"You're the best Dad in the whole world." It felt wonderful to put her head on his shoulder and feel the security of his arms about her. "Dad, did they use to call you *Jiggs?*"

Her father's eyes filled with memories. "Yes," he chuckled, "but when you were born your mother felt a father should have a more dignified name, so she went back to my given name, James. She used to get angry when friends forgot and called me Jiggs. You know your mother was a great one for sticking to what she thought was right."

Sandra smiled tenderly at her father. "Yes, I know."

Advice to a Daughter

Christie Lund Coles

Little daughter, now you stand
Where the water blots the sand;

Where the castle, made with care,
By foam's tassel is washed bare;

Find new places, build new things,
The sea erases, yet it brings

Sea-shells. Take them . . .
washed ashore;
The waves' cool mouth will bring
you more.

So, life will bring you loss and pain,
Yet, always joy will come again.

Ski Song

Lizabeth Wall

The wind is my brother,
And he and I
Shall climb a mountain
White and high,

Shall climb a mountain,
Tall and steep,
Where pines are pointed
And snow is deep.

The wind is my brother,
And hand in hand,
We shall climb to the
Topmost tip and stand

Eager, exultant,
And unafraid
In a crystal world
That the snow has made.

Then we shall swing
In a winged flight
Down the mountain,
High and white,

Back to the land
That the earth-man sees,
The wind and I
On a pair of skiis!

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Uncertain Possession

(Continued from page 114)

stone house were two dearly loved china kittens, and she had no right to want to possess them. Perhaps, someday, she'd get over being hurt and surprised by cactus spines, circling pain, and wild hawks. But she knew she would never be able to give Matt up to those who had a prior right to his mind, his thoughts, his attentions.

But she knew, also, deep in her heart, even as she rejected the thought, that she would never find real happiness here in Westfield, nor back in Utah, to which she dreamed of returning, unless she learned to let Matt go a little, learned to share him freely with those who also needed him.

(To be continued)

Household Hint

Lael W. Hill

A little boy's tee-shirt, worn past repair
Can still dust a table or polish a chair
Or wipe up the spots that get spilled on a floor—
In fact, all the things it accomplished before!

A Little World Or a Big One

Caroline Eyring Miner

THE size of the world we live in is much to our own choosing or making. It is as big or as little as the things we love and understand make it for us.

It is not a new philosophy that we possess only the things we understand and love. It was Goethe who said that what we do not understand we cannot really possess. This philosophy is very significant. It can make life as rich and full as heaven and earth or it can limit it to the four kitchen walls or to a chair at a machine, or to office walls.

A person may go through life enlarging his horizons, adding new interests; flower culture, interest in stars, skills in handwork, knowledge of birds, companionship of dogs, and his world grows bigger and bigger.

"I hate dogs"; "I don't know one flower from another"; "Stars, what stars?" Such expressions, and you know the speaker is living in a little world.

"Naughty doggie will bite!" "Musn't touch the flowers!" Your ears tell you some innocent child is being sentenced to a little world.

Life is what we make it for ourselves or for others, and the world we live in is truly as big or as little as the things we understand and love.

The House With the Blue Roof

(Continued from page 99)

ing sign, Atchley & Hanning, George Hanning was standing, waving at her.

"Say!" he bellowed, "tell Bill to get along here! Doesn't he know I haven't had any lunch! What's the big idea, anyway?"

Even at a half block distance, George's scowl was plain to read. Sharp words sprang to Marian's tongue. She had an impulse to shout back at him, "Shame on you, George Hanning! Bill's waited for you to come back day after day! You're always late!"

But she only nodded. "He'll be back in a minute," she called and hurried her steps toward home, the realization of how she had disarranged Bill's day sweeping over her. *He won't say much, though,* she thought gratefully. And then, *Poor Bill, between George and me he really has a tough time . . . . . I don't know how he stays so calm.*

Yes, yes, I do know, she thought. Why, Bill lives in the house with the blue roof, too. He always has! That's why he can put up with George Hanning—and with a wife that rushes off and leaves him stranded right in the middle of a busy working day!

Bill had that unbreakable calm around him that was like the peace of a big orderly room at night with the lamps lighted . . . . No matter where he was.

Bill, she thought, and her feet took her swiftly up to the door of home. Oh, Bill, I want to live in the blue-roofed house with you.

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Where Drift Logs Lie

Mary Gustafson

The smoke curls lazily upward
From the beach where drift logs lie,
Curling beyond our seeing,
Disappearing into the sky.

I rest on the pillowing seaweed
Spilled from the going tide,
Etching the scene with pictures—
Completely self-satisfied.

I search through a million pebbles,
For one of a different hue,
Drifting them past lax fingers
As a questing child might do.

The driftwood sinks to ashes,
The sun is an embered coal,
And I am filled with a restfulness
That irradiates my soul.

Promise and Fulfillment

Linnie F. Robinson

Long have your griefs and travail been
The yoke of Laman's defiant sin;
Trampled enough—your day is here,
Look up and he will dry your tear.

Driven and scourged in your own land,
Turn, and its gift is close at hand;
No power can stay God's mighty word,
Or stand against his flaming sword.

No power can change the promise given:
Obedience will bring your heaven;
Bring back the crowning of your right;
Bring back your Canaan and delight.

Oh, red men, that from Lehi come,
Of Joseph, God's most blessed son,
Cleanse now your ways and hear his voice,
That all your people may rejoice.

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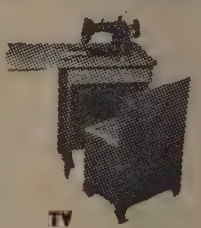

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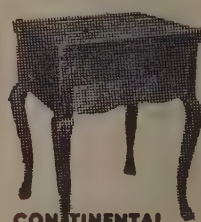

CONTINENTAL

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Loving and Working With Our Lamanite Sisters

(*Continued from page 86*)

kind of love that accepts them as they are, yet dares to dream, hope, plan, pray, and work for a better day for them and with them.

On a trip to Tuba, in northern Arizona, a little old man came toward us. His message, interpreted to me, was, "Tell her I pray for her every day because she helped my sick daughter last year." Can money bring such joy as this?

I hope to see the day when we can forgive and forget the mistakes of the past, and I hope this people will forgive us, too, for our neglect. Let us honor our pioneer ancestors by giving our service to bridging the gap between us.

Our Lamanite brothers and sisters need our help. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Night Encounter

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

White peace had covered all the town
And wrapped the trees, the hidden sky,
Till there were only hills of down,
The elms, the falling snow, and I.

I walked and Silence walked with me,
Step after step with muffled tread,
Till we were halted near a tree
By added silence overhead.

I shivered. What was hiding there?
And then I spied him, white on white,
An owl returning stare for stare
Before he winged into the night.

What passed between myself and bird?
No eye could see, no ear could know;
And I stood wondering how I heard
A silence deeper than the snow.

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From Near and Far

It gives me great pleasure to tell you how much I enjoy reading each issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. There is so much that is worthwhile and inspirational, as well as educational and informational, in its pages. The series of articles by Elder Albert R. Bowen, "The Constitution and the United Nations Charter" [August, September, October, November, 1951] have been most enlightening and helpful. They have made me realize how much our Constitution means to us, as the basic instrument of government and the supreme law of the United States. It seems to me that these articles are most pertinent. The editorial in the November issue of the *Magazine*, "The Beginning of Harvest," breathes the spirit of Thanksgiving in this glorious land of America and helps us to appreciate more fully our wonderful blessings. The excellent address "If You Live Up to Your Privileges" (November 1951, address delivered at the annual general Relief Society conference, October 4, 1951) by our beloved President Belle S. Spafford, is truly inspirational and helped me to realize my privileges as a woman, and the opportunities I enjoy as a member of the Relief Society organization.

—Mrs. John Gardner
Oakland, California

I bought a *Christmas News* yesterday and saw the article about the number of subscriptions secured by the *Magazine*, and I was so thrilled I must write about it. I think it is the quality of the *Magazine*, for even women couldn't sell an inferior *Magazine*. It is a wonderful thing to have such a *Magazine* being read by so many people. Sometimes, however, I wish we could have a deeper motive in the stories.

—Dorothy Clapp Robinson
Boise, Idaho

"The Household of Faith," an article by Vesta P. Crawford, published in *The Relief Society Magazine* in May 1950, was selected by the Genealogical Society of the Church for use as part of their program for Sunday evening, January 6, 1952.

I noticed that my subscription has expired, so I am renewing it right away because I don't want to miss any of our *Magazines*. There is so much to offer me and anyone in the *Magazine*. It can offer any woman what she is interested in, no matter how varied her tastes. I am work director of Lebanon Branch Relief Society, Mt. Graham Stake, and in the year I have been a leader I have gained in wisdom and love for our Relief Society and our *Magazine*. I enjoyed getting to hear our dear President Belle S. Spafford and Sister Leone G. Layton when they were here for our October convention. The inspiration and help these lovely sisters gave us is most heartening. I want to thank you for the wonderful talks and stories that I read in the *Magazine*, and especially for the lessons.

—Louise B. Morris
Safford, Arizona

I have so much enjoyed the November *Relief Society Magazine*, and I look forward to the next one. A friend of mine was telling me today that one of my poems, called "Spring," was read at a Relief Society meeting recently. Surely it is very satisfying to know that anything I have written should be enjoyed at such a meeting.

—Gertrude T. Kovan
Provo, Utah

Never was a story so purely given as "Another Mary" (December 1951). That story alone is worth many times the price of the *Magazine*. Thanks to the author, Mary Ross. Come again!

—Cloe Rogers
Chesterfield, Idaho

I have never read any comments in the *Magazine* on the "Sixty Years Ago" page, but I want you to know that I enjoy that page as much or more than any page. The poetry always has a message that soothes the soul.

—Evelyn C. Leigh
Los Angeles, California

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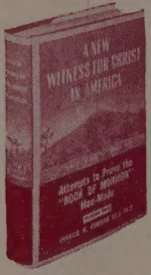

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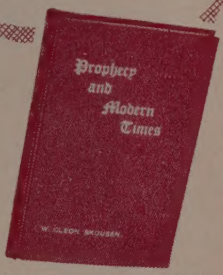

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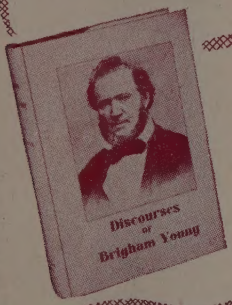

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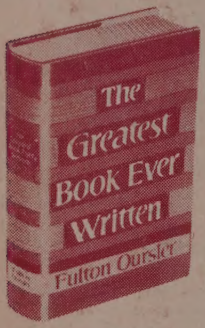

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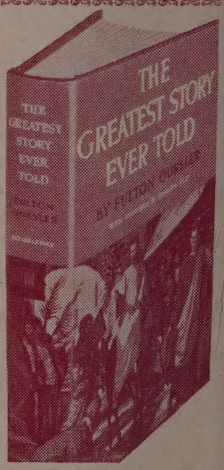

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